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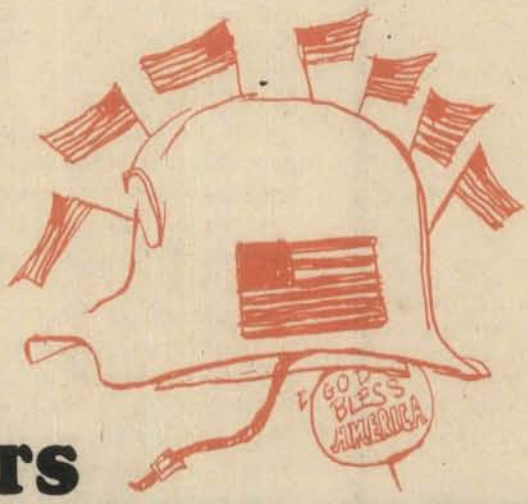


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*Fred J. Cook*
## HARD-HATS THE RAMPAGING PATRIOTS

*Thorns or Grapes?*
## THE HARVEST IN PALESTINE
**Herbert Krosney**

*London Letter*
## SAYING 'NO' TO LABOUR
**Raymond Williams**

**Robert F. Sayre *on* Buckminster Fuller**
**Michael G. Michaelson: 'The Hospital Explained'**

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# LETTERS

## police photography

*Ithaca, N. Y.*

Dear Sirs: I attended the peace march in Washington, Saturday, May 9. . . . The whole affair was peaceful, friendly and beautiful, save for one nasty element. This was the matter of picture taking of the marchers by the police. I chatted with one such officer who was taking snapshots of the people entering the Ellipse by way of 17th St. I said that this action is quite provocative. The marchers feel that pictures are for the FBI. The officer said that as a matter of fact he makes use of FBI labs. . . . At this point, his supervisor came shouting that there was to be no conversation with the marchers.

When the crowds begin to leave the Ellipse . . . about ten policemen were taking motion pictures of the exiting crowds. . . . Many felt it made a mockery of the President's statements at his news conference the evening before regarding his belief in peaceful dissent. Police take pictures of suspects. In exercising our right to peaceful dissent we became suspicious characters in the eyes of the government. . . . Picture taking by the police is a disgusting, bullying, intimidating police-state tactic. If the President has one ounce of sincerity in him regarding his trust in peaceful dissent, he should bring these actions to a halt. *Richard L. Liboff*

*Professor, College of Engineering*
*Cornell University*

## blessing the work

*Beltsville, Md.*

Dear Sirs: David Hess's otherwise excellent article ["The Decline of Ohio," *The Nation*, Apr. 13] neglected to mention that while Ohio public schools were struggling to keep going, Governor Rhodes was bulldozing one bill after another through the legislature to pump millions of tax dollars into parochial and private schools (which serve a disproportionately small number of the poor, black, and under-achievers, and which foster sectarian segregation).

By way of repayment, Catholic pastors, school principals and parents were urged recently by Msgr. William N. Novicky, superintendent of the Cleveland Catholic schools, to get out a good crowd for a $25-a-plate political fund-raising dinner for Rhodes. . . . Liberal Catholics and others who believe in the constitutional principle of separation of church and state are appalled by this renaissance of Old World clericalism in Ohio, and there is ample evidence that it is spreading in other states. *Edd Doerr*

## arena, D.C.

*Concord, Calif.*

Dear Sirs: Vice President Agnew's antics would be amusing in normal times, but these are not normal times. He continues to charge everything in sight like a frightened, angry bull in an arena. No Vice President expresses anything of consequence which is not in conformity with the policy of the President. Therefore, it must be assumed that his wild rhetoric indicates the Administration is in deep trouble. The Vice President is its mouthpiece, lashing out in all directions in an attempt to win over the public, or failing that, to distract the public from the real issue facing the country. . . . *Meldon C. Belknap*

## Nobels

*Wilton, Conn.*

Dear Sirs: A *Nation* editorial ["The 'Angry Old Man,'" Apr. 27] carries a reference to Linus Pauling as "the only two-time Nobel Laureate." Please note that Marie Curie received two Nobel awards in science. *Ben Bauman*

# EDITORIALS

## The War: Who Wants It?

*The Washington Post* (May 20) ran a cogent letter from John Kenneth Galbraith on the topic of who actually supports the war in Indo-China. It is inconceivable that a war which has lasted longer than any other in American history, which has cost so much blood and treasure and set the whole country by the ears, should not have powerful backing. That the Indo-Chinese war certainly has, but it is in none of the places where our preconceptions would lead us to look.

The experts on Southeast Asia do not support the war; Congress is ambivalent about it; it finds few backers on college campuses, North or South. On the latter situation Galbraith is especially enlightening; having just returned from a trip through the South, he found opposition to the war about as strong, if more decorously expressed, in the universities there as in those of Massachusetts. The elite of the cold warriors—Ball, Bundy, Clifford, McCloy, Acheson—at first in favor, have defected. Opposition in the civilian bureaucracy is widespread. Financial interests are alarmed: the stock market goes down at every indication that the war will be prolonged. There is serious opposition among the trade unions (see editorial below), and among powerful businessmen. As this is written, a group of scientists is descending on Washington to lobby against the war. It includes a contingent of physicists and engineers from International Business Machines Corporation. In a company so large it is entirely probable that its president, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., knew nothing of their plans; but before they could reach Washington, Mr. Watson himself pleaded before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for an early end to the war.

Senator Cranston's office has received more than 100,000 letters supporting his stand against the war. Polls taken recently in San Francisco show that 71 per cent of businessmen are in opposition. Paul Harvey, a voice of the silent majority in the Middle West, cries over the ABC network, "Mr. President, I love you—but you are wrong!"

Who, then, Galbraith asks, is really for the war? "This war," he answers, "is wanted only by the military power—not by individual servicemen and officers, but by the military bureaucracy. This bureaucracy controls the President, not the reverse, as it also controlled President Johnson. It derives added strength from its automatic spokesmen in Congress—L. Mendel Rivers, John Stennis, Strom Thurmond, and from the committee positions they occupy. But these men serve the Pentagon, not their people; they are, in effect, an extension of the military power. . . ."

Galbraith's argument is supported by a dispatch from Washington in the *Los Angeles Times* of May 25, quoting a "highly placed source among U.S. military leaders." This source disclosed that General Abrams insisted in a message to the President that if he were to assure the safety of his men and still meet the twelve-month withdrawal schedule announced on April 20, he must receive permission to liquidate the enemy "sanctuaries"



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in Cambodia. This liquidation had been an objective of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for years. "The Abrams message, rather than any sudden changes in the strategic outlook after April 20, set the Cambodian operation into motion," the *Times* story says.

Professor Galbraith feels that "the United States cannot have a war in opposition to the people of the United States," that the military must lose out to public opinion in its assumption of control over foreign policy. In this he may be right, one can hope. But there can be little doubt that he has pointed the finger at the one group that is powerful and determined enough to try to keep the war going indefinitely.

## The Division in Labor

One can always get attention by punching somebody in the nose. As a result of the attack by gangs of construction workers on peaceful anti-war demonstrators in Wall Street (see article p. 712), the public may have got the impression that organized labor is solidly in the pro-war camp. This notion has been reinforced by the praise subsequently lavished on the leaders of the construction workers and N.Y. longshoremen by President Nixon, with no mention of the planned violence which marked their first counter demonstration. Within the AFL-CIO, the alleged unanimity of labor in favor of the war has been touted by George Meany, a hard-hat himself and a hawk of hawks from way back.

The truth is that labor is divided on the issue of American embroilment in Southeast Asia, and the more so since the invasion of Cambodia. There is no dearth of evidence on this point. As one example, Leonard Woodcock, the new president of the UAW, quietly but forcefully criticized the President for remaining silent about the storm-trooper mentality manifested by the hard-hats in the Wall Street affray. It is, Mr. Woodcock said, "unfortunate when a man who is the leader of all the American people should be identified—properly—with the condemnation of violence on the left, but be silent when there is violence on the other side."

Neither does Jacob S. Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, see eye to eye with Mr. Meany. Speaking for his 417,000-member union, he condemned the war and applauded the Senators who seek a cut-off of funds for further military operations in Cambodia.

The publication of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, headed by Patrick E. Gorman, has commended Senator Fulbright editorially for his courage in saying that "the AFL-CIO has become part of the military establishment. . . . In our opinion . . . the charge, to a great extent, is true. We do not believe that the leader of our great American trade union family speaks for that family in supporting the President in the present war dilemma of our nation. . . . The AFL-CIO is not infallible, and many of us feel strongly that it is out of step with the thinking of the 13 million members it represents. . . ."

That the AFL-CIO does *not* represent the labor movement on the issue of the war is shown by many other statements and resolutions. On the West Coast, 451

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trade union officers from a wide variety of unions—Auto, Newspaper Guild, Longshoremen, Carpenters, Teamsters, Social Workers, etc.—have affixed their names to a full-page advertisement in the *San Francisco Chronicle* condemning the war. "We want a cease-fire—Now!" they proclaim. "We want out of Cambodia—Now! We want out of Vietnam—Now! We've had it!"

Numerous locals and some national unions, such as the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, and the State, County and Municipal Employees, have taken strong stands against the war. Some of these unions—for example, District 65, Wholesale, Retail, Office & Processing Union, and Local 1199, Drug and Hospital Workers Union, with membership in the New York area respectively of 30,000 and 45,000—have excellent leadership and a well-informed and active rank and file. A "National Rank-and-File Action Conference" has been called to meet in Chicago on June 27-28 "to get labor moving . . . to end the war—get out of Asia." The arrangements committee has condemned "the shameful position of all-out support of the Cambodian adventure voiced by George Meany. By his stand, George Meany shows how far removed he has become from the thinking and interests of the overwhelming majority of the members of organized labor."

Meany claims that nine-tenths of the members of the AFL-CIO council support him in his stand on the war. It does not follow that the officers of affiliated and non-affiliated unions, and the rank and file, support him in anything like that ratio. On many issues the AFL-CIO council is nothing but a sounding board for Meany and his staff. It is of crucial importance that the peace movement should not overlook the support it has in the labor movement. The hard-hat furor is a menacing development and certainly not to be ignored, but to regard it as committing the labor movement as a whole would be a disastrous error.

## What Happens to the Money?

Perhaps the greatest irony in military expenditures is that nobody is cheated more than servicemen themselves. When debate on the military construction authorization bill unrolled this year in the House, it quickly became apparent that much of the $1.6 billion (this doesn't count the $325 million that was sneaked into the bill for the construction of the Safeguard ABM system) would be going to patch up Army and Navy bases that are literally falling apart, or where life is led under primitive conditions.

From this debate it emerged that at Fort Polk in Louisiana—a base that has been in existence since 1940 and which has swallowed billions of dollars in appropriations—"only one permanent structure has been built on the post from appropriated funds, a cold storage plant, simply because there is no way to build a temporary cold storage plant."

At Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington, supposedly the pride of the Army, "Scientists and equipment are spilling out into corridors. Broom closets are serving as research laboratories and numerous specimens must be kept in deep freeze for extended periods before analysis, because working space is insufficient for expedient processing."

At Marine Corps facilities at Camp Lejeune, N. C., and at Quantico, Va., prisons are overloaded up to 300 per cent and in some instances there is no confinement space whatsoever.

At Camp Pendleton, Calif., the Quonset hut "hospitals" are so crowded that "Marines with respiratory ailments must often wait outside during inclement weather for treatment." Pendleton's dental office for 38,000 officers and men is twenty-four years old and is described as "critically obsolete."

At Fort Gordon, Ga., the hospital now being used was built in 1942. It is made up of 138 separate wooden buildings dispersed over an 85-acre site; the buildings are fire hazards and are equipped with no up-to-date laboratory space.

At Camp Drum, N. Y., servicemen's housing—so the Congressmen say—has no weather stripping and therefore is pretty rough in the winter.

Every year since World War II Congress has shelled out millions of dollars for the expansion and upkeep of the military bases in this country. In recent years the appropriation has usually exceeded $1 billion. And yet the military bases grow seedier and seedier. What has happened to the money? Our military leaders apparently have become so accustomed to an atmosphere of budgetary cheating that they do not bother to ask that question, even when they and the men they command are the victims.

## Middle East Cockpit

Once again the danger flags are flying in the Middle East. For the Israelis the tactic of reprisal raids is, one might say, a reflex of the situation in which they find themselves. But the tactic can lead to overreactions, as in the case of the air strikes close to large centers of population in the Egyptian delta. These raids, which seemed to be aimed at the humiliation of Nasser, apparently aroused some apprehension and disapproval within the Israeli Government. Now the Russians have moved in with SAM-3 surface-to-air missiles and a zone of some 20 miles or so west of the canal has been established beyond which no Israeli air strikes have been undertaken since April 13. "Had we not checked the Egyptians and returned counterblows," General Bar-Lev, Israeli's Chief of Staff admitted on May 7, "the Russians might not have come on the scene. But we had no choice."

The Soviets notified Washington that these installations were being made for purely defensive purposes, but they did not inform Washington of their intention to send in military personnel. Apparently confirmation of the fact reached the President shortly after he had delivered his April 20th speech announcing troop withdrawals. The missile installations may have been intended as defensive but the effect has been to embolden the Egyptians, who have stepped up their harassing raids, and it has also stimulated guerrilla activity across the Lebanese border. The more the Soviets strengthen Egyptian defenses, the more confident and troublesome the Egyptians become with their "war of attrition." At the same time,



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Israeli reprisal air strikes become increasingly dangerous. Given the perilous situation in which it finds itself, Israel insists on maintaining military superiority in the area; the Arabs, for their part, find acceptance of an inferior position intolerable. The degree of control that the Russians exert over their Arab wards is debatable; and so is the degree of influence Washington exerts on Israeli policy.

These new dynamics, set in motion by Russia's latest actions, have created an extremely dangerous situation. The immediate issue is not whether Israel should be permitted to purchase additional jet planes; it wants them stored on home grounds, not only for replacement but to forestall some possible future unwillingness to provide them. The immediate issue is the lack of attention that the developing situation in the Middle East has received from the Nixon Administration, preoccupied as it has been with the now enlarged war in Indo-China. It has been said, in fact, that our increased involvement in Southeast Asia has encouraged the Soviet build-up in the Middle East. The reality which the Administration must now face is that the Russians have moved sizable military forces into Egypt; they are there and they are likely to remain there for the foreseeable future. It has been argued that these forces exert a stabilizing influence, but the facts to date indicate that their presence has stimulated Arab aggressiveness.

This is the juncture, then, at which a renewed diplomatic effort should be made to get direct negotiations under way. Mrs. Meir has reaffirmed Israel's acceptance of the UN Security Council resolution of November 1967, which called for an Israeli withdrawal, and has repeated Israel's willingness to negotiate with the Arabs under the formula that produced the armistice agreements in 1949. These are important concessions. Also new initiatives have been set in motion in some of the territories (see article p. 721) which, if given a chance to unfold, might exert a moderating long-term influence. But none of this will matter much unless skillful, firm, insistent diplomatic pressure can bring about a cease-fire and the beginnings of negotiation. The Middle East is not to be equated with Vietnam. Quite apart from so-called national interests, in terms of which the Middle East is far more important, it presents a much graver threat to world peace. If, as former Under Secretary of State George Ball has said, Southeast Asia is the "glue-pot" from which we hope eventually to become disentangled, the Middle East is the cockpit from which a third world war could explode. Preoccupation with Southeast Asia has prevented the developing situation between Israel and the Arab states from receiving the attention —from the Administration, the Congress and the public—that it merits.

## The Primaries

Last week's primaries went about as expected. In California Jess Unruh handed Mayor Sam Yorty a humiliating trouncing in the Democratic primary and did it without much effort and with no great expenditure of funds. Rep. John V. Tunney, who narrowly defeated Rep. George Brown for the Democratic Senatorial nomination, will run a stronger race against Sen. George Murphy than would Brown, whose voting record, on all issues, is so good that it seems to put off some voters. Both Unruh and Tunney have a better chance of winning in November than the national press concedes them. Norton Simon, who challenged Senator Murphy for the Republican nomination, got about a third of the primary vote, which approximately reflects the relative strength of the liberal-moderate element in the Republican Party in California. A substantial portion of this liberal-moderate Republican element will probably vote for Tunney in November. Two members or ex-members of the John Birch Society appear to have won Republican Congressional nominations and have thus given the Democrats a chance of picking up two seats in districts which old-line conservative Republican nominees could easily have carried.

In the Berkeley district, a coalition of blacks and students won the Democratic nomination for Ronald V. Dellums, an outspoken and able black insurgent who has had an impressive record as a member of the City Council. Defeated was Rep. Jeffery Cohelan who has held the seat for ten years. Two liberal-moderate Republicans, Rep. Paul N. McCloskey and Rep. Alphonzo E. Bell, Jr., defeated challengers who were heavily financed by Henry Salvatori and Pat Frawley (Senator Murphy's benefactor), who never fail to finance right-wing "anti-Communist" candidates, including, of course, Governor Reagan. Norton Simon, who can match millions with these gentlemen, has announced that he intends to "take on Salvatori and Frawley and their boys." This feud of the millionaires should liven up Republican politics in California.

In Alabama, George Corley Wallace, in a "free-swinging, shouting appeal to racists," had little difficulty in defeating Gov. Albert P. Brewer. The Republicans, of course, did not put up a candidate; they were financing—and backing—Governor Brewer. Brewer carried the heavily Negro and "country club" districts; Wallace was favored in rural areas and by blue-collar workers. His victory represents a definite setback for the Nixon-Mitchell-Agnew-Kevin Phillips Southern strategy. No one in the Republican Party, including Agnew and Strom Thurmond, can move to the right of Wallace on the race issue. His first post-election statement was a direct challenge to the Nixon Administration on school desegregation. In 1972 Wallace will be running for the Presidency as Governor of Alabama, not as the husband of the Governor of Alabama.

As Governor, the spotlight now returns to him and he will make full use of the facilities of the state government in his campaign. He will also put the squeeze on the businesses and industries doing business with the state. So by winning the governorship he has won financing for his campaign and an organization to support it. Now back in office, he will be invited to speak throughout the South —at state expense of course. This time he will not waste energy or resources in campaigning outside the South. Logically the President should now modify his Southern strategy but it is too late: he is stuck with it. To Southern Negroes, who have had one disappointment after the other since Nixon entered the White House, the victory of Wallace represents a bitter setback. They do not need to be told that Wallace will pressure Nixon to move still further to the right.



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## This Side of Justice

The reversal of Huey Newton's conviction of voluntary manslaughter by the California Court of Appeals will no doubt be hailed as a vindication of the judicial process—which of recent months has been frequently and vehemently assailed by black militants. So it is, in a way, but a look at the record should serve to dampen initial enthusiasm. Newton was convicted in September 1968, on the basis of dubious and conflicting testimony given in response to a grand jury indictment which was itself suspect (see "Verdict on Huey Newton: An Oversupply of Doubt" by Wilbur Wood, *The Nation*, September 30, 1968).

Numerous efforts to win Newton's release on bail were denied, although the Attorney General conceded, at these hearings, that the appeal raised substantial questions of law. Normally such a concession would have won Newton's release on bail, the more so since the verdict—guilty of voluntary manslaughter—was in effect a victory for him (he was charged with first degree murder, assault with a deadly weapon and kidnapping). But he was not released—at this writing he has still not been released—and has now served nearly two years for a crime of which, in the end, he may well be exonerated.

It is, of course, welcome news that Newton's conviction has been reversed, but discredit attaches to a judicial process that keeps a man in jail for two years before his guilt has finally been determined. And suppose Newton had not been represented by Charles Garry, an extremely able, dedicated, and most courageous trial lawyer? A judicial process so precariously dependent on exceptional skill warrants, for this reason alone, much of the criticism it has received from black militants. Not every black militant can be represented by a Charles Garry.

## Kenneth Cox

Kenneth Cox's term as a member of the Federal Communications Commission expires on June 30. It would be a miracle if President Nixon were to put partisanship aside and renew the term of this admirable public servant. But if he were to take this action it would repair in part the damage which the Administration has caused by the attacks it has leveled against the media.

Mr. Cox has been diligent, knowledgeable, and accessible to all branches of the industry, by which he is held in high esteem. We happen not to share his views on CATV —or rather we would like to see CATV advanced more rapidly than he thinks desirable—but his views on this, as on all matters before the FCC, are deeply informed and honestly held. The loss of such a distinguished public servant will not be easily offset. If he is not reappointed, as we fear he will not be, we wish him well and tender thanks for his splendid tour of duty with the FCC.

LONDON LETTER

# SAYING 'NO' TO LABOUR

**RAYMOND WILLIAMS**

*London*

By comparison with the tragedy of Indo-China, and its origins and repercussions in the United States, the political situation in Britain has a faint, farcical air. What has been happening, in these last few months, is a kind of accommodation to illusion; although another way of putting it would be that disillusion has gone so far that it has reached a state of temporary inertia. Consider the formalities first. We have had nearly six years of Labour government, the last four with a strong majority in Parliament. During that period the government has been right wing and profoundly unpopular—with everybody, but markedly with its own most active supporters. For the last three years the democratic organs of the Labour movement—Party Conference and the Trades Union Congress—have been at variance with the government on most major issues of policy, from the economy to support of Johnson and Nixon in Vietnam. A year ago the government, in a spirit that looked like crusade, was set on introducing legal controls against the trade unions, and the outline of a united Left was forming against it. A Conservative victory in the next election seemed inevitable, and beyond the Tory Establishment one could see what looked like the growth of a dangerous new Right, around Enoch Powell. The elements of polarization were apparent, and most people agreed that the seventies might be dangerous and even violent.

Now, after a late cold spring, it looks like a Labour wonderland. For reasons nobody can agree upon, the opinion polls have registered an extraordinary swing. Labour is comfortably ahead, and Harold Wilson is being thought of again as a really successful—not respected but admired—manipulator. There is some way to go yet, but most people now believe that Labour will be in power for the next five years and that our situation, almost magically, has somehow appeared to come right. The only reaction, it seems, is a kind of bewilderment that things should have so unexpectedly turned out this way; and some fear that, since it is inexplicable, it can again inexplicably change.

I look at these matters as a Socialist. The coming election will be the first since I was a schoolboy, back in the thirties, that I shall not be working for the Labour Party. My radical opposition to this government was finally confirmed back in 1966, and was expressed in the two May Day Manifestoes I edited, in 1967 and 1968. Some people who worked with me then, and many more who accepted many of those arguments,



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have already swung back to an accommodation with Labour. The mood is like that, in most places except among the radical students. Recently I got a "come home, all is forgiven" letter from the national office of the Labour Party: there had been differences, they agreed—Vietnam, Biafra, the wage freeze—but surely, etc. And I didn't have to promise any "personal appearances"; just a line of support would do. As the bandwagon rolls, and the music gets louder and sweeter, little phrases come out of the past. A minister mentions socialism—his socialism—for the first time in years. Do we not want to build a good society, against the harsh effects of market forces? Could anybody, possibly, want the Tories back? And there, to remind us, in a very professional publicity campaign are puppet figures of the Tory leaders, labeled "Yesterday's Men."

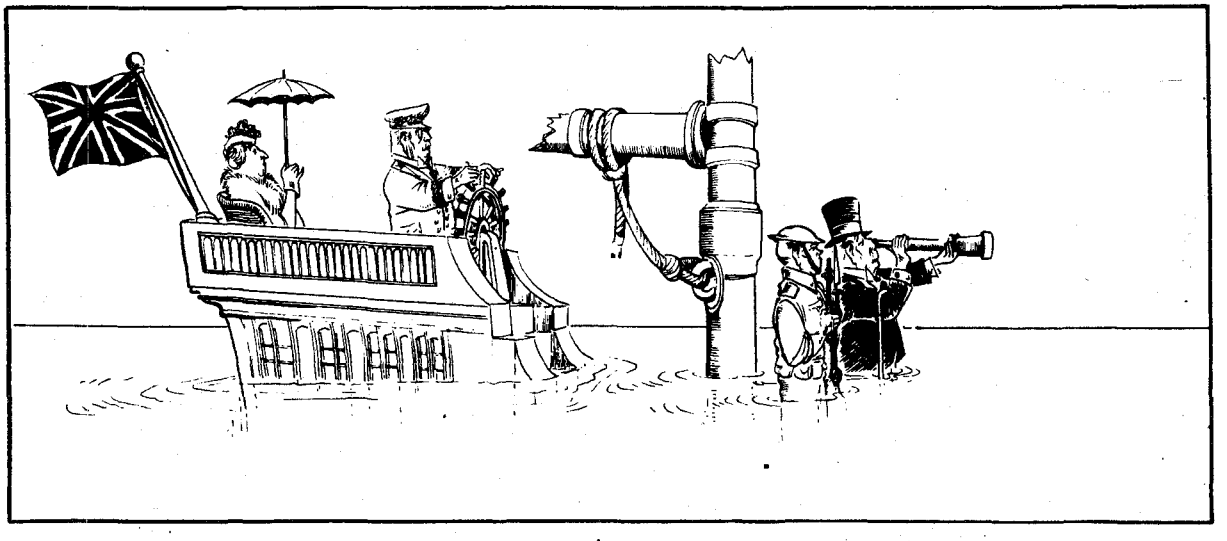
Those, as I said, are the formalities. Where one lives it is different. In Oxford, the Foreign Secretary is shouted down and prevented from speaking, because he will not oppose or even dissociate himself from the invasion of Cambodia. In Cambridge, several of my friends have been charged with riot, after a demonstration against the Greek junta. The shape of the society, manipulating the majority and repressing the protesting minority, has hardly ever been clearer. It is for these reasons that I do not propose to get dragged into the farce of this election. It is not a choice between Tories and Labour. It is a choice between an enemy and an illusion.

The most discernible cause for the change of mood is a set of good trade and balance-of-payments figures since last September. Further, since last summer, when the government withdrew its wage freeze and anti-union proposals, there has been a series of relatively favorable wage settlements. It is the Tories, now, who have to talk about change and control: legislation against the unions, tightening up on law and order. What is being enacted, at least temporarily, is a Conservative celebration. After the bad old times, things have at last come right; don't let anybody disturb them.

It reminds me of 1959, when Macmillan's Conservative government was returned, in just such a mood. Most people voted in an acquiescing, fairly relaxed spirit; there was little room for positive beliefs. Then, as now, a temporary economic advantage was interpreted as an achieved steady state. The old arguments, let alone the new ones, seemed irrelevant or marginal. Within eighteen months, of course, the long economic crisis of the sixties had started. The euphoria turned to savage mockery.

It is not a question of whether this will happen again. It is in fact quite certain, and is even acknowledged, that the present advantages are temporary. Moreover it is known that the favorable trade figures, coming mainly from the effects of devaluation, have been confirmed at a cost of low growth, cuts in public expenditure and the highest unemployment in a generation. There are marginal differences in the ways the two parties would deal with the next phase, but the common program is more important: the management of a secondary capitalism, based on subordination to the United States and on an increasing rate of penetration of the economy by American capital; a set of new capitalist arrangements with Western Europe; the completion of the withdrawal from open political imperialism to participation in an international system of economic imperialism; the restructuring of society to more open-market definitions, in everything from education to the social services. The party spokesmen tilt at one another, in the usual flurry of comparative percentages, across this essentially agreed platform. What could any Socialist be thinking of, to make a "personal appearance" in that?

He could be thinking, I suppose, of the alternatives. And there he would be in a situation common to radicals throughout Western Europe and North America. In the worst times—over Vietnam and Biafra, over the business-oriented university, over homelessness and child poverty—British radicals have acted with strength and courage in what are now familiar ways: marches, occupations, community organizing. The young Left is stronger and more consciously revolutionary than at any time since the thirties, and without the disadvantage of that earlier period, of being tied to a version of socialism, in the Soviet Union, which was beyond their control and which even-



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

*British Empire*



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tually stranded them. They will go on acting in these ways, whatever happens to the public formalities. But all of them will be facing the reality that has come to most of us—after the march, after the community organization—that the Establishment is still in control, not only of state power but of majority public opinion. An election, any election, can come up at such a time like a sort of dawn: not the promise of a good day, exactly, but the promise of something.

I have known these moods before. They are always plausible in Great Britain, which is still, comparatively, a relaxed and peaceful society; which just because it is a secondary capitalism, and because it has benefited from long physical and social continuities, plays out the general crisis of which it is a part in a minor key. I have just finished an essay on George Orwell, tracing his political development. In 1937 and 1938 he was a revolutionary Socialist, and what he called the "deep sleep" of England drove him to despair. By 1940 he was beginning to celebrate what he called the emotional unity of a family: the gentle, decent, tolerant society. There were historical reasons for his change, but it still swings like that. Anybody can feel some of this peace of England and in a way be glad of it. Anybody who knows what battles are can feel some of this attraction of being out of the line, though the gunfire can still be heard and the killings are still reported. Would it not be perverse to wish it otherwise? Isn't even the mild farce of an election a thing to be grateful for: not to believe in exactly, but to make do?

That is what I meant by saying the choice is between an enemy and an illusion. I don't want the enemy, in any of his forms, but in practice he is here, in so many disguises, and for my own peace of mind I would rather face him than go along with the illusion. What we described in the May Day Manifesto was just this displaced, mediated reality of new capitalism: a bid for a new social order. It is a society in which we are implicated, directly, in the repression of Southern Africa; in the imperialist counter-attack in West Africa; in political support for the invasion of Indo-China; in active collaboration with reaction in the Middle East. It is a society based on a nuclear alliance, with a now admitted first-strike policy in Europe. It is a society whose local economic successes and failures are mainly reflections of the ups and downs of an international capitalist economy. At the ends of so many lines, from this quiet island, people are being killed and exploited. Within the consequent network, back home, there is a kind of stabilized poverty and neglect, and the creation of new forms of essentially orderly control and direction, toward narrowed social ends; with at the edge, and now quite virtuously displayed, the power of the state and the law ready to deal with protesting minorities. This is the order we are invited to celebrate, to make marginal choices inside. Its whole point is the distancing, the displacement and the manipulation of conflicts, and the direction of the society toward false definitions which are repeated so often as to seem the only conditions of sanity. Any other possibilities not only seem, but in the short term are, impracticable—so impracticable that only the young can believe in them.

I am no longer young in that sense, but it is worth saying that these young people are the only generation I can bear. All they can do, perhaps, in these next few months is shout at the puppets, mock the wonderland, take their casualties. I can't say anything easy. I've worked the last four years to try to build a united Left that can at least defend through the seventies, and in certain situations break through. It has been hard and complicated. Every month, it seems, we have to begin all over again. The old hawkers of disillusion, of fatigue as wisdom, of cynical accommodation, are down every corridor, up every column. Or "come home, all is forgiven; the opinion polls are up."

It doesn't need much strength to say No. Not here, anyway. Just because it's all relatively quiet, it is the more necessary. It's too late to wake up and stand firm when the illusion has played through and the reality is on us. Writing from a mainly quiet country, I bow to the tragedy and the struggle of others, and with an assurance that some of us will not surrender to distant formalities or to the illusions of some backwater in space or time. In taking the decision to say No to an offered fantasy, an offered accommodation, we can do something to alter the next stage of a reality to which we still know we belong. □

# Hard-Hats: The Rampaging Patriots

**FRED J. COOK**

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On May 8 a band of hard-hat construction workers, pliers, hammers and wire snippers concealed in their overalls, assaulted peace demonstrators in Wall Street. They roared up Broadway to City Hall and invaded the Hall itself; then smashed their way into Pace College and beat up students there. On May 20, the hard-hats, some 100,000 strong, surged through the streets of the city in a denunciation of Mayor John V. Lindsay and in support of the Nixon Administration and its war in Cambodia and Vietnam.

Television commentaries and most of the accounts in the daily press have pictured these massive performances —and a series of rallies and marches in between—as spontaneous demonstrations of patriotism by the blue-collar workers of New York. Nothing could be more untrue. The fact is that these events were organized and promoted—and permitted to happen—in a pattern that contains the classic elements of Hitlerian street tactics.

Fascism is a word to be used with discretion—



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particularly in times of social crisis—but it is undeniable that its elements could be felt in New York last month. The hard-hat workers, many fearing the incursion of Negroes in their white union ranks, formed the nucleus of a marching army, the kind of army that thinks with its muscles and is easily aroused to passion. A second ingredient—the propagandist and instigator—was provided, much evidence indicates, by agents of a small right-wing sheet, the New York *Graphic*. And behind these, giving the hard-hats their indispensable support, were powerful groups of the establishment. In the New York demonstrations, this vital support came from two sources: from construction firms that promoted and encouraged the demonstrations by in effect closing down their jobs and paying the hard-hats, not for working but for marching; and from the police, who cheered the hard-hats on.

Administration demagogy and the pressures of the most unpopular war in American history are today rendering this country incapable of sane debate. On the extreme Left is the relative handful driven to insensate acts of violence by detestation of the war in Southeast Asia and by the deprivations at home which stem from it. From this extreme toward the Center, protest ranges in all gradations from long-haired youths and sober college types to 1,000 lawyers from Wall Street and college administrators, respectable segments of the normal Establishment that have tried to impress upon Mr. Nixon the serious plight of the nation. These essentially middle-of-the-road voices of responsible protest are now being drowned out by the raucous shouts of the extreme Right, by the super-patriots whose sentiments are expressed in the bumper sticker: "America: Love It or Leave It." Anyone who opposes the war automatically becomes "a Commie" who "ought to go back to Russia."

This explosive atmosphere is ideal for the gut thinkers. As one construction worker himself says: "These are touchy, tough, excitable guys. They can't discuss an issue except with their fists. If they can't find a peace guy to fight with, they'll get in a bar and end up starting a fight among themselves. They put all college kids in one category. To them, they are all pot smokers, rabble-rousers, faggots, and they deserve anything they get. They ought all to be beaten up."

It was among a contingent of such men that the events of New York began to unfold. The first incident, almost unnoticed, occurred on Wednesday, May 6, two days before the big bust in Wall Street. A new construction job is under way in the Whitehall Street area, and the steelworkers had erected an American flag. Some medical students from the nearby Whitehall Medical Center held a small peace demonstration in Battery Park. Someone ripped down the steelworkers' flag. "The steelworkers piled out of the building and pitched into them," one union man says. "Several were beaten up, though nothing much about it got into the papers."

The only forecast of events to come was written by Pete Hamill, columnist of the *New York Post*, the following day. There had also been a peace demonstration in Wall Street that same Wednesday afternoon, and afterward the college types who had participated in it marched up Broadway. Hamill, who circulated in the watching crowds and tagged along with the marchers, recorded the hate. He wrote:

> "Listen to their language," said a 40ish man in a wrinkled suit standing next to me. "Those goddam bums *should* be shot. I wishta Christ I was in the National Guard."
>
> "What would you do?" I asked him.
>
> "Shoot them, mow them down. If they don't like this country let them go back to goddamned Russia!"

As the marchers went up Broadway toward City Hall, Hamill wrote, "some gutless construction workers started throwing beer cans and clumps of asphalt at them from a building at the corner of Maiden Lane. A woman passer-by was hit and the construction workers stood up there, bellies bulging defiantly.

" 'Jump! Jump! Jump!' one group yelled. I went to see Inspector [Harold] Schryner who was heading the police escort and asked him if he was going to make arrests. 'Don't worry about it,' he said.

" 'You expect these kids to respond to law and order and you won't go up and make arrests?' I said. 'Law and order,' said Schryner. 'These bums don't respect anything. . . .' "

Two days later, the permissiveness of police on the command level was to allow the hard-hats to rampage unhindered for four hours, even bashing through the portals of City Hall.

The steam for the explosion that was to come built up slowly after the events at the Battery. The steelworkers who had bloodied medical students returned to their jobs and began to talk among themselves. As one worker says, "They began to psych themselves up. A lot of them feel strongly about the situation, no doubt about that. Their attitude was that not enough was being done about these goddam kids. They knew there was to be a peace rally in Wall Street the next day, and they decided to stage a counter demonstration. They took off about 12:30, made a show, and were back on the job shortly after the lunch hour ended. This had been an entirely spontaneous demonstration, no question about it; but after they came back, they kept talking, kept psyching themselves up. They weren't satisfied they'd done enough, and the word began to go around that the next day they would really do it up right.

"The word circulated on all the jobs in the area. It was a planned thing. They were going out, and they were really going to bust some heads."

The man who tells this story has credentials of credibility. "I'm a veteran," he says, "and I believe in the flag, too. But I can't go along with all this stuff." Worried, he telephoned the office of Rep. Allard K. Lowenstein, the liberal Nassau County Democrat, to warn that construction workers were planning to turn the Friday peace rally into a blood bath. The word was relayed to Mayor Lindsay's office. Tom Morgan, the Mayor's press secretary, said later that this was only one of several tips received Thursday night and Friday morning—and that the Police Department had been alerted well in advance. Nevertheless, they permitted all hell to break loose on the streets of lower Manhattan.

The worried worker who had tipped Lowenstein's office was waiting on the steps of the old Sub-Treasury



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Building (now known as the Federal Hall National Memorial Building) in Wall Street before the hard-hats arrived. What follows is an account of the action as he saw it.

> The men left their jobs and marched up Broad Street. The police were already there. I was standing behind the police lines myself, and I saw what happened. All of a sudden flags broke out everywhere, and handbills appeared as if by magic. They were being distributed by this guy from the New York *Graphic*, and he had some helpers with him. When you saw that happen, you knew that this had to be a planned thing.
>
> What made me sick was the police. The kids were already spread all over the steps of the old Treasury Building, and the police lines were out in front. The fellows came marching up and were stopped by the police. Then they began to shove against the police lines. They were pushing, pressing, and not a night stick was raised in anger. Suddenly the whole left side of the police line just melted away, and those yellow hats charged up the steps and began to beat up students.
>
> I ducked around through a nearby underpass to get on the other side of the crowd, and as I was hurrying through a policeman stopped me. "Did Twin Towers get here yet?" he asked. [This was a reference to the large number of workers employed on the new trade center being built nearby.] I said: "No, they haven't come yet." And he said: "Gee, I wish they'd hurry up and get here." That, in itself, just goes to show that the police knew all about it.
>
> When I got back up to the street again, I was just in time to see the Twin Towers guys come charging up, and as soon as they joined forces with the others, the police line just melted away. The police didn't try to do a thing.

This account is supported in its major points by the television cameras and the reports of newsmen who were on the scene. About five minutes after noon the first contingent of some 200 construction workers, waving their suddenly unfurled flags and chanting "All the way U.S.A." and "Love it or leave it," surged against the virtually unresisting police lines. "All we want to do is put our flags on those steps," one yellow-helmeted worker told Inspector Schryner.

"If you try, there'll be blood to pay," the inspector replied.

Meaningless words—and the construction workers must have known it. In less than two minutes, they had shoved the police aside, with never a drop of their own blood spilled, and went to work with their brawny arms, spilling the blood of the peaceful peace demonstrators.

Newspapers the next day reported that the workers beat the students with their helmets, but more than helmets were used—pliers, wrenches, wire snippers all came into play. And the burly super-patriots enjoyed nothing so much as ganging up on a single victim.

"I tried to raise the peace flag on the steps of the building after they came up," said Michael Doctor, 19, a student at Pace. "Some guy belted me in the face and I threw him down the steps; then I got hit from all sides." Doctor spoke through a gap in his teeth, a front tooth having been broken off about halfway down.

Another victim of the assault was Drew Lynch, 19, slightly built, a teacher in the Human Resources Administration's Brooklyn street program. He had been beaten so badly about the face that both eyes were flecked with blood, the skin beneath them was black and blue, and his mouth was swollen and bleeding. Lynch said that "at least four workers" had ganged up on him, pummeling and kicking. "They beat me for a long time," he said, "and then a cop I know, a very together person, kicked one of them and dragged me out. He got me away and told me to 'get the fuck out of here.' "

Between forty and sixty beaten, bloodied victims were treated at a first aid station set up inside historic Trinity Church, on Broadway almost opposite Wall Street. They slumped in the church aisles, bandages pressed to bloodied heads, and they told, sometimes between angry curses, similar stories of brutality. Harry Boles, a stocky 21-year-old film student from New York University, had been filming the scene with two fellow students when the hard-hats got him. They beat him until his face was covered with cuts; they smashed his $3,000 camera; and then they tried to kick his ribs in.

Even as these victims were being treated, Trinity Church itself became the target for assault. Twice the frenzied hard-hats tried to break through the iron gates and invade the church itself. They ripped down a Red Cross banner, and they tried to tear down the Episcopal flag. "I don't think they really knew what the Red Cross means," said Father John Corn. And Father Donald Woodward, vicar of Trinity, added: "I never thought I'd live to see the day when I would stand behind the door of my church and see it stormed."

There is considerable evidence that this mob scene was expertly stage-managed. From his 32nd floor office at 63 Wall Street, Edward Shufro, a partner in the brokerage firm of Shufro, Rose & Ehrman, watched through his binoculars the activities of two men in gray suits and gray hats. "These guys were directing the construction workers with hand motions," he said flatly. According to a witness on the street, the men wore yellow patches in their coat lapels, matching the color of the helmets.

It is impossible to say with certainty who these men were, but Lowenstein's informant insists that "the man from the *Graphic*" (he does not know him by name) had been active in helping to whip up passions for the big Friday bust. The man, always accompanied by one or two others, had circulated around the construction jobs all day Thursday and again on Friday morning, "passing out his hate literature and talking to the men," this witness says. Others were to call attention to the mysterious role of the right-wing *Graphic*.

After the violence on Wall Street and the surge against the iron gates of Trinity, the hard-hats, now some 500 strong with the addition of the Twin Towers contingent, stormed up Broadway to City Hall. "The police were there," says the informant, who went along with the marchers. "They even had some mounted cops on hand, and you know what they can do in a crowd with those horses. But they just didn't seem to make any real effort to stop the construction men, and the first thing I knew there were those hard-hats charging up the steps to the very door of City Hall."

The City Hall flag was being flown at half-staff on Mayor Lindsay's orders in memory of the four students,



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none of them militants, who had been killed by the National Guard at Kent State University. This gesture apparently enraged the marchers and gave them their pretext for a direct assault on City Hall. After they had burst through the first restraining police lines, an unidentified letter carrier (how he got into the act no one seems to know) went to the roof and raised the flag to full staff. Moments later, Sidney Davidoff, an aide to Mayor Lindsay, stalked out onto the roof and lowered it again.

The workers reacted with fury. Fists flailing, they stormed the police again and rushed the City Hall doors. Police officials, having done little or nothing to prevent all this, beseeched city officials to raise the flag, and Deputy Mayor Richard R. Aurelio, in charge in the absence of Mayor Lindsay, capitulated. The flag was raised, and the hard-hats cheered and began singing the *Star-Spangled Banner*. A construction worker yelled to the police detail: "Get your helmets off." And this command, too, was obeyed as the police sheepishly doffed their helmets in subservience to mob rule.

With City Hall conquered, a new target now offered itself. Across Park Row from City Hall is Pace College, and there some peace-minded students had unfurled a large banner on the roof. "The men saw it," says the informant. "I was standing right next to this man from the *Graphic* when he pointed out the sign and shouted to the workers, 'Let's get them at Pace.' That was all they needed, and they charged off across the street, breaking through the entrance of Pace, smashing the glass doors, and beating up any students they could get their hands on. It's just lucky they never caught those students on the roof or they would have thrown them off."

Miss Susan Harman, 29, who works as an administrative assistant in Mayor Lindsay's office, was at a municipal workers' rally on Foley Square when she heard about the onslaught on City Hall. She hurried back and arrived just as the hard-hat mob was flowing back and forth between City Hall and Pace. She heard shouts of "Get the hippie! Get the traitor!" She described what happened next:

> Then I saw one construction worker arm himself with a pair of iron clippers and head towards a student already being pummeled by three workers. I shouted to him, "Don't," and grabbed hold of his jacket to stop him. He yelled at me, "Let go of my jacket, bitch"; and then he said, "If you want to be treated like an equal, we'll treat you like one." Three of them began to punch me in the body. My glasses were broken. I had trouble breathing, and I thought my ribs were cracked.

She was taken to Beekman-Downtown Hospital and was later released, cut and bruised but with her ribs still intact.

At City Hall, when the hard-hats began chanting, "Lindsay's a Red," Donald Evans, a Lindsay aide, told a construction worker: "Stop being juveniles." He was punched on the jaw. A Wall Street lawyer, Michael Belknap, 29, a Democratic candidate for the state Senate, was trapped near City Hall by several workers and was beaten and kicked while his assailants shouted, "Kill the Commie bastards!" He also was treated at Beekman-Downtown Hospital. His right eye was completely closed, he had a large welt on his head, and five boot marks were imprinted on his back where he had been stomped after he was down.

An observer of much of this action was Deputy Manhattan Borough President Leonard H. Cohen. He was enraged by what he saw and offered to testify to the "gross negligence" of police. When the hard-hats charged across the street to attack Pace, he said, he "shrieked" to police to follow and stop them, but he added that the police "joined ranks with the attacking workers and laughingly watched students brutally beaten. . . . Construction workers and police had literally joined hands."

It was not until 2:30 P.M., having chased and beaten up some seventy persons, that the hard-hats trooped back into Wall Street, massing again at the Sub-Treasury. Here Richard Schwartz, a reporter for the *New York Post*, observed a man in a gray business suit addressing the rioters with the aid of a bullhorn.

"I am glad to see all of us here, and three cheers for the construction workers!" the man with the bullhorn shouted. He continued: "I must tell you something. They [the anti-war demonstrators] are all Socialists. All right now, we've proven our point. Let's go. We've shown we are behind the Presidency of the United States. Now, before you all create a riot here [one has to wonder what the man thought *had* just taken place] we must go home. And let's have a wonderful weekend." It was as if the commander of the recent fracas had spoken to his troops. After some milling around, the hard-hats gradually drifted off to the bars to celebrate their victory.

The following Monday, reporter Schwartz was in the City Hall press room when he was startled by the entrance of the man whom he had seen using the bullhorn to such good effect. The man was distributing copies of the New

York *Graphic*. Attached to the copies was a mimeographed leaflet dedicated to: The Courageous Construction Men" and addressed to "fellow Americans." The leaflet called Lindsay a "One World Socialist Mayor," and the author wrote: "Last week I spoke to you from the steps of the Federal Hall Memorial on Wall Street. I congratulated you on your victory against Mayor Lind-



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say. I congratulate you again." The letter closed with the words, "For God and Country," and was signed "Ralph L. Clifford, publisher."

Schwartz followed Clifford to the *Graphic* office at 33 Park Row, only a short distance from City Hall. Clifford, 53, a former editor of the Watertown (Mass.) *Times,* denied he had had any part in planning the Friday demonstration. He described himself as "a true-blue American." A headline in the May 23, 1968 issue of his paper read: "Sainthood Proposed for Senator Joseph McCarthy."

Clifford acknowledged that he thinks highly of the John Birch Society, but he has doubts about William F. Buckley, Jr. "I think he's some sort of internationalist we haven't found out about yet," he told Schwartz. A man who was obviously far to the right of even Buckley, Clifford hadn't seen anything to worry about in the storm-trooper antics of the hard-hats. Their demonstrations, he said, marked "the beginning of the end of Fabian socialism" in the United States, and he added: "I liked what happened. I was very thrilled. I've been waiting for this to happen for some time." He refused to discuss his activities further, but he did say he was "planning and organizing for a later date."

Reporter Schwartz pressed him about his role in the Friday riot. How did he come to be in the line of march? It was "impulsive," Clifford said; he'd just seen the workers trooping by and had become so carried away by their patriotic demonstration that he had joined them. How had he come to have a bullhorn in his hand? "It was given to me by the Police Department." Clifford said. "I was asked to speak to the crowd." Who asked him? A police captain. Why would a police captain single him out? "I have no idea," Clifford said. Nor, at this point, does anyone else.

After the super-patriotic blood bath, a shocked and angry Mayor Lindsay called police brass on the carpet. Only six arrests had been made, and four of these had resulted from cross-complaints that individuals had filed against one another—arrests, in other words, that had been practically forced on the Police Department. Mayor Lindsay said bluntly that the police had not done their job, that there had been in his words "a breakdown of the police as the barrier between the public and wanton violence." Acknowledging that police forces had been spread thin trying to cover a number of demonstrations in the city, the Mayor said "none of this alters the fact that a roving band of 500 construction workers were allowed to move at will . . . beating up people all along the way."

Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary presented what must be described as a lame and not entirely candid defense. He contended that the first attacks in the Wall Street area had occurred "out of the immediate view and control of the police"—a statement at variance with reports by virtually all eyewitnesses. The commissioner advanced the claim that the department had "no reason to anticipate violence or disorders," ignoring the well-established fact it had been alerted to just what was going to happen hours in advance of the event. Leary argued further that his police had been spread too thin covering various demonstrations, and that in Wall Street and at City Hall his inadequate forces had been overwhelmed by the mass of demonstrators—a contention at odds with the reports of eyewitnesses that the police made no effort to stop the hard-hats.

In fairness to the police, says one long-time observer of the cops in action, there were probably several reasons for the police collapse on Bloody Friday. "Hindsight is a wonderful thing," he says. "Yes, the police were warned in advance, but remember nothing like this has ever happened here before and no one could conceive the scope of this thing. It was much like the time Watts went up in flames. People said in shock: 'Why, they're burning their own houses!' And so here the reaction was: 'Why, they *are* actually beating up people!' Then, too, a lot of cops have the same thoughts and emotions about demonstrators that the hard-hats have, and there may have been this reluctance to beat up a brother. I think the police, despite the warnings, were caught by surprise at what they had on their hands, but I doubt if there was any collusion, any prior understanding between police and hard-hats."

The American Civil Liberties Union refused to accept the police alibis and called on U.S. Attorney Whitney North Seymour, Jr., to make a federal investigation. The ACLU referred to the "shameful inaction" of police and added: "Reports we have received make it clear that police stood around passively and in some instances joined in the assaults on the anti-war demonstrators." Aryeh Neier, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, said he was furnishing Seymour with the names of witnesses.

Peter I. Brennan, president of the 200,000-member Building and Construction Trades Council of Greater New York, insisted that union leadership had had nothing to do with the Friday demonstration. "The men acted on their own," Brennan said. "They did it because they were fed up with violence by anti-war demonstrators, by those who spat on the American flag and desecrated it." Brennan added that union headquarters had been deluged with messages "from all over the country" running 20 to 1 in praise "of the workers for their patriotism"—not a fantastic circumstance in a nation in which the White House can be inundated with praise for a speech by President Nixon before the speech has even been delivered.

Little noted at the time, submerged under the attention given more dramatic events, was the alarming fact that the Mayor was defied by spokesmen for five Police Department organizations. They bluntly accused him of "undermining the confidence of the public in its Police Department." Edward J. Kiernan, president of the powerful Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, went further and charged that the confrontation between students and workers "was brought about by remarks of people in city government. We can no longer afford the luxury of self-serving appeals to one group or another, made for the cynical and calculated purpose of securing a fleeting political advantage." The police are, of course, a brotherhood in blue, and they band together by automatic reflex whenever any one of them is criticized. This much is routine, but it is not routine—and it says much about the authoritarianism of the times—



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for spokesmen for line organizations representing the entire department to make a political attack upon the mayor in terms that the John Birch Society might have employed.

The gauge of battle had been flung down to City Hall, but Lindsay did not pick it up. Instead, he did what he could to mollify a force that all evidence says cannot be changed or mollified. On Monday, May 11, the hard-hats marched again in a contingent 2,000 strong, roaming the streets of the financial district from Bowling Green to City Hall. This time police were out in force, and there was no violence comparable to that of Bloody Friday. However, there was some. At one point, a bystander on the curb behind the wooden barricades raised his hand in the peace sign, and a hard-hat reached across the barricade and punched him in the mouth. "The new Nazis; they're here," murmured a woman spectator.

The language of the super-patriots supported her. Some of their signs read: "Impeach the Red Mayor." "Lindsay, Liar, Leftist, Lunatic." "Impeach Lindsay, Commie *Rat*." Inevitably: "America, Love It or Leave It." Passing Pace, where students appeared at the windows, the marchers waved signs saying: "Don't worry, they don't draft faggots." And, arrived before City Hall, the hard-hats gave eloquent voice to their emotions, chanting, "Lindsay is a bum" and "Lindsay is a faggot."

In response to all this, Mayor Lindsay tried first to soothe the bruised feelings of the Police Department by praising it for "alertly, skillfully and professionally" controlling the crowds and acting in the best professional tradition. He then urged tolerance and restraint upon those holding opposing viewpoints. "The divisions over the Vietnam war—not only here but across the country—are the results of a controversy over the war that engages the interest and the efforts of vast numbers of citizens, and the parallel neglect of the needs of the people in the cities and elsewhere here at home," Lindsay said. "These feelings will not soon be dispelled. The frustrations and grievances on all sides are real." It was an appeal that could hardly be expected to register with those whose visceral impulses reduced all argument to the level of shouted epithets like "Commie rat" and "faggot."

The hard-hat suddenly became a symbol of patriotism. At a Madison Avenue rally on May 14, promoters for a big Conservative Party affair scheduled for Manhattan Center on May 22 appeared wearing hard hats decorated with flag symbols. It was the first occasion on which so-called responsible politicians were to adopt the hard hat as a badge of honor.

As the hard-hats continued to claim the center of the stage, questions arose. What was behind these demonstrations? What forces in union ranks had led to the Bloody Friday outbreak? What impelled the unions to keep up the pressure? The answers are to be found on two levels—the low level of the ordinary construction worker, the high level of union leadership. As for the first, one observer comments:

> A lot of these guys feel they have legitimate grievances. They are almost the only segment of the population government hasn't paid much attention to. People whom they feel beneath them, the blacks and Puerto Ricans, for instance, demonstrate and get attention. The college kids, the more violent of them, spit on the flag and burn buildings; others demonstate and cause upheavals—and they, too, get attention. These construction men got the feeling they were in a kind of limbo, with nobody paying much attention to them. Obviously, there is a lot of frustration here.
>
> Then, remember that a lot of these workers who were demonstrating against Lindsay don't even live in New York. In one union a good 40 per cent of the men working here, in another at least one-third, are not New Yorkers at all. They come here from Tennessee, from the Carolinas and Pennsylvania. Why? Because most of the high construction jobs in the nation are being built in New York. Last year 25 per cent of all the office space in the country was built in Manhattan. . . .
>
> So you have this situation: you have construction workers from all over the nation east of the Mississippi coming here to work—and they belong to unions that are predominantly white. Some unions are all white. I doubt if any of these unions has more than 15 per cent blacks or Puerto Ricans among its members, and there has been enormous pressure from minority groups, from government and from John Lindsay himself to open up the union rolls. Obviously, if this were done, if the city were training its own available labor, there wouldn't be jobs here for construction workers from all over the nation. And it was no secret to these men, or to anybody else, that John Lindsay is determined to do all he can to open up these kinds of jobs to minorities in this town.

The union leadership has other problems. Early this year the labor publication *Labor Today* carried this headline: "Building Trades in Crisis." It wrote: "The year 1970 will be a crucial period for the building trades unions. Many of their contracts come up for renewal in the spring and summer. At this time, when the building trades unions should direct their main efforts to secure a broad range of benefits, job security and a wage increase to offset the rising cost of living, they are being boxed into a defensive position by the strongly united Contractors' Association, bolstered by sharpened attacks by the Nixon Administration." Considered especially threatening by the building trades was the Administration's "Philadelphia Plan" that would compel the hiring of fixed percentages of minority people.

Such was the situation when President Nixon extended the war into Cambodia and precipitated a national crisis. With colleges across the nation erupting in protest, with even usually conservative professional groups deciding that this was just too much and we must get out of Southeast Asia, the President turned for support to one source that has never failed the military-industrial complex—the labor leadership of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. On May 12, the President went to AFL-CIO headquarters in Washington and addressed the executive council, and Meany let it be known that he was 100 per cent behind the Administration in its Cambodian adventure.

Following this soul meeting, the New York building trades made the hard-hat demonstrations official policy. Peter Brennan circulated a letter to building trades councils throughout the nation, outlining his plans and urging



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them to spread the hard-hat demonstrations nationwide. He wrote that the building trades leadership in New York was planning a mass rally "to show our support to our country and our boys in Asia." This was to be done "in a proper and nonviolent manner," Brennan wrote, and he urged his fellow union leaders to "have similar demonstrations in your cities" to "let anti-Americans know where the construction workers stand."

These moves would seem to indicate that some kind of tacit understanding had been reached with the Administration. But what about the Contractors' Association whose united front had seemed so menacing? There was every indication that now, as far as the demonstrations were concerned, the contractors and the hard-hats were as one. It should be noted that the building trades, management and workers alike, are traditionally the very good friends of state and federal administrations (George Meany himself comes out of the building trades). The reason is normal self-interest: directly or indirectly, much of the money that goes into modern construction comes from the public purse.

After the hard-hats had been marching almost daily for some ten days, the New York *Post* tried to unravel an obvious mystery: who was paying the marchers for demonstrating instead of working? Most construction men gross around $300 a week, yet here they were knocking off their jobs to demonstrate for hours at a time. "Workers . . . have freely admitted taking time from their jobs to join demonstrations or battle with students, and they say they have not lost pay," the *Post* wrote. But the contractors, when asked, spoke with one voice. Every firm in the business said it had not noticed any of *its* men absenting themselves from work; those demonstrators must have come from some other fellow's project.

Such pretenses became ridiculous when the building trades, joined by the Longshoremen's union, held the mass rally about which Brennan had written in advance. It took place on Wednesday, May 20. Almost every major construction project in Manhattan was shut down, and the hard-hats and their cohorts, in a sea of flags and banners, massed more than 100,000 strong around City Hall. This huge turnout was pictured on television and in the press as a spontaneous demonstration of patriotism, but it was nothing of the sort. It was a command performance.

Here is how it looked to one union man who *had* to march:

> After that Friday rally where there was so much violence, the union leadership evidently started to worry about the reaction. The word came down to cut out the rough stuff. Then they began to plan for this big rally. Originally, it was supposed to be held the next Friday, but the plans were changed and it was put off to Wednesday.
>
> The word was passed around to all the men on the jobs the day before. It was *not* voluntary. You *had* to go. You understand these are all jobs where the union controls your employment absolutely. If you're on a job where there's a lot of overtime and you stand in well with your shop steward, you get the overtime. If you make trouble, you're shifted to a job where there is no overtime—or maybe you don't get any job at all.
>
> We were told that if we got back to the job a half-hour after the parade ended, we'd be paid for a full day's work. Of course, the parade lasted until 3:30 and by the time the guys got back, the day was done. But everybody got paid.

That raises the question. The unions could order the men to march, but the unions don't pay them—the contractors do. "Sure," says this union man. "That in itself shows there had to be collusion somewhere."

"The man from the *Graphic*" was not to be seen at this peaceful mass rally. "There was this moment," the union eyewitness says, "when the men marched past Pace, and they saw some students standing there. The men paused for a moment as if they were going to go after them, and it was almost funny. This time, there was no one to shout orders, no one to spark them, and so they just stared at the students, not knowing quite what to do, and the police urged them along and got them moving again."

Mayor Lindsay and his City Hall spokesmen continued to try to cool tempers, praising the orderliness of the mass rally and the work of the thousands of police who kept it under control. But there are still some indications that the police force is not an impartial arbiter of peace, that it and the hard-hats think as one, and that, as a result, there is one standard of police conduct for hard-hats and quite another for peace demonstrators.

This became evident on Thursday, May 21, when about 1,000 peace demonstrators held a rally at City Hall and then marched up Sixth Avenue to Bryant Park. The demonstrators had no permit to march, but all was peaceful until they neared Bryant Park. Leonard Kolleeny, an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer who was at the scene, said that he had reached an agreement with the police command to permit the demonstrators to go into the park, hold their final rally there and disperse.

"There was never any question about it," Kolleeny said. "The officials on the scene had walkie-talkies to check out the plan with their superiors at headquarters. We even reached an agreement on which staircase the marchers would use to get into the park."

But when the peace demonstrators reached 39th Street, the police suddenly assaulted them, night sticks flailing. "The police just waded into the crowd without warning," Kolleeny said. "Kids were beaten and an elderly woman and other innocent bystanders were trampled in the crush." At least nine persons were injured, and sixteen complaints of police brutality were filed with the department's Civilian Complaint Review Board.

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What wasn't realized at the time was that the violence might have been much worse had the impromptu march turned in another direction. According to one union member, a large group of hard-hats, chafing at the restraints that had been imposed upon their conduct, had gathered in the Wall Street area, anticipating that the peace marchers would come that way. The police were standing behind wooden barricades erected to contain the sidewalk crowds, and their attitude, this observer says, was made clear in their badinage with the hard-hats. "When you start throwing things, remember we're here," he quoted one cop as saying. "Just keep it from curb to curb." Another commented: "I'm here guarding this lamppost, and I'm not going to leave." The mood was the mood of Bloody Friday, this worker says, but nothing happened because the march went uptown.

That is the story—except for an epilogue that gives it a national frame. The quality of the forces that were unleashed in New York was perhaps most vividly expressed in the hate-filled signs the hard-hats prepared for their peaceful mass rally at City Hall. One sign that they especially liked, but were dissuaded from carrying read: "National Guard, 4; Kent, 0." A sign that was actually waved on high in front of Pace said "Lindsay Eats Here"—and underneath there was the crude drawing of a toilet. Another sign underwent some modification. It originally read: "LINDSAY SUCKS." After someone pointed out that you couldn't carry *that* through the public streets, it was amended to: "LINDSAY SUCKS . . . lollipops."

One might have thought that this kind of stuff would have disgusted even the most insensitive of men, but our national leaders have strong stomachs. Vice President Agnew sent Brennan a letter commending "the impressive display in patriotism—and a spirit of pride in country that seems to have become unfashionable in recent years." And President Nixon wrote: "I want you and all members of the building and construction trades to know how pleased I was to see the tremendous outpouring of support for our country demonstrated in your orderly and most heartening rally May 20. This means a great deal to our men fighting for peace in Southeast Asia, and, needless to say, it means a great deal to me."

To express his gratitude to the hard-hat super-patriots, the President called Peter Brennan and twenty-two other union leaders to the White House on Tuesday, May 26. They sat around the President's giant new Cabinet table and discussed the affairs of the nation for forty-seven minutes. Then the President held still while Brennan presented him with a hard-hat and pinned an American flag in his lapel.

The only sign of embarrassment at the White House was that the television camera crews and press photographers were not allowed to record the historic hard-hat crowning of the President of the United States. □

YOUTH ON THE HILL

# UP AGAINST THE MARBLE WALL

**DAN BLACKBURN**
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*Washington*

In early 1968, the young were telling one another to be "neat and clean for Gene." Two years later, the "neat and clean" approach is back, but the scene is the marble halls of Congress rather than the snowy hills of New Hampshire or the green fields of Nebraska. With Richard Nixon as the stimulus, the young political coalition that thrust itself upon a largely unsuspecting nation two years ago, only to disintegrate after the Chicago Democratic convention, has been reassembled. It is not really the same group but the similarity is striking and so is the potential.

Ever since the May mass rally on the Ellipse behind the White House, young people—most of them students—have been pouring into Washington. The various groups that have undertaken to guide and advise these visitors estimate that they process about 1,000 students a day. The flow of arrivals and departures is steady, and the telephones jangle constantly in the various headquarters.

The first goal of these young lobbyists is to win enough votes in the legislature to secure passage of what is known as the Amendment To End the War, sponsored by Sens. George McGovern (D., S. Dak.), Mark Hatfield (R., Ore.), Harold Hughes (D., Ia.), Charles Goodell (R., N.Y.) and Alan Cranston (D., Calif.). The amendment being offered to the Military Procurement Authorization Act provides for cutting off military funds for any action in Cambodia, effective thirty days after passage. If the Administration keeps to its timetable, all American troops will be out of Cambodia before the passing of that deadline in any case, but the amendment would also bar the use after the end of this year of military funds in Laos or Vietnam without a Congressional declaration of war. The sole exception would be money to meet the requirements of ending military operations such as the safe withdrawal of American military personnel, the exchange of prisoners, and the arrangement of asylum for those South Vietnamese who wish it. A deadline for complete withdrawal from Vietnam would be set at June 30, 1971. The amendment faces a still uncertain future in the Senate and a dubious future in the House, which has consistently been the more hawkish of the chambers.

The faces of the young people and the manner in which they trudge through the corridors of Congress pro-



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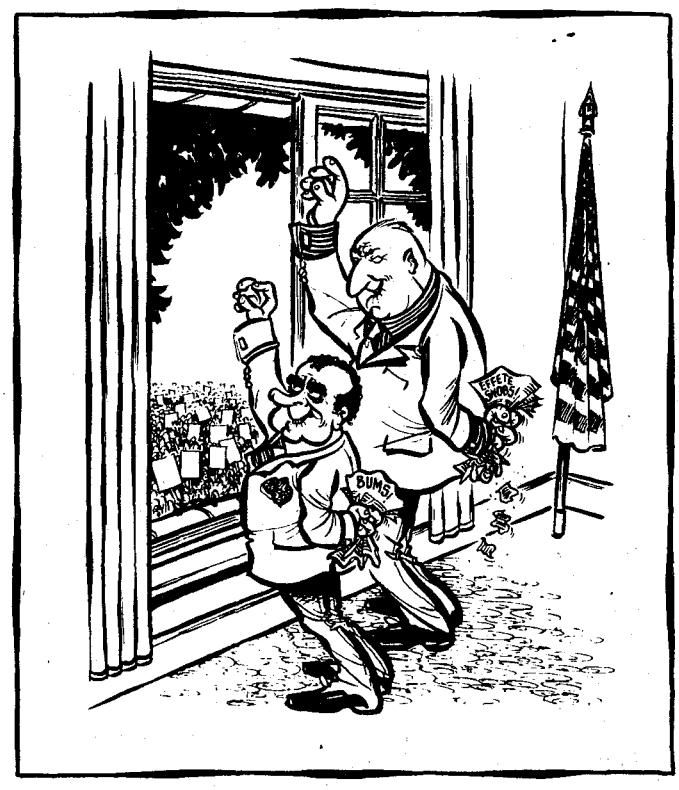
vide an instant flashback to the streets of Concord and Manchester, or Indianapolis or Omaha. But instead of punching doorbells for McCarthy or Robert Kennedy, they are now trooping into the offices of their Congressmen and Senators. In 1968 they were seeking a vote for a candidate; now they are seeking a vote for a cause. The voices are soft and polite, but firm. There are few shaggy beards or extraordinary long locks. The purpose is not to offend but to convince. Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright says with undisguised pleasure that he has never seen anything like it in all his years in Congress, and adds that "it is having a favorable effect on many of my colleagues." There are no Jerry Rubins or Abbie Hoffmans to jar the Congressional nervous system. Many of the delegates, like their counterparts of two years ago, have never before been involved actively in politics. "They are not political activists," says former Vietnam Moratorium coordinator David Hawk, "but just good, straight, Bible-reading, flag-saluting kids who now feel they have to do something." They may not be quite as square as that makes them sound, but they do seem much closer to Middle America than many of those who were previously active in the peace movement. That is probably one of the major reasons for their warm reception and noticeable impact on Capitol Hill. They remind a lot of elected officials of their own sons or daughters or nephews or nieces. They also remind them of voters.

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (D., Mass.) told students that they were holding their final examinations in Washington "instead of on the campuses of their universities." He added: "In my opinion, in the opinion of more Senators than ever before, and even in the opinion of more Congressmen than ever before, the students passed with high marks—higher marks than we in good conscience could give ourselves for our activities over the past year. Never before in my years in public life have I seen democracy in America come so alive, with so much constructive passion and energy, as it has [recently] in the halls of Congress and on the steps of the nation's Capitol." Sen. Charles Percy (R., Ill.) noted that many of the professional schools, which normally turn out doctors and lawyers each June, are now turning out temporary lobbyists by the bus load. "Already," he observed, "it is having an effect on Capitol Hill that could be lasting. The clean-cut young people have been a shock to those members of Congress who envisage students as all like the radicals they see on television." A Senate aide echoed the feeling that the new office visitors are different from those of the past. "They are," he said, "more quietly serious and many of them have come to stay. You know, they pop in and out of here every day just to check up."

One small office in Senator McGovern's suite is packed from wall to wall with young people working from early morning to late in the evening, just to handle the mail. The young lobbyists have been backed up by older supporters, among them 1,000 New York attorneys who made the trip to Washington.

With the influx has come a predictable proliferation of committees and a certain amount of competition. Efforts to put them all under one roof have produced a




Yardley Jones, Toronto Telegram

*". . . 14, 15, 16 —Hang in There Spiro—17, 18, 19"*

sort of tent with a lot of lumps sticking out. One attempt at coordination was put together under the guidance of former Vietnam Moratorium co-ordinator, Sam Brown, and Ripon Society vice president, Michael Brower. This bipartisan operation is focused directly on the Amendment To End the War and bears the label Project Pursestrings, since its aim is to tie the military pursestrings in Congress. Housed in a four-story building in downtown Washington, the project is nothing if not ambitious. Its plans include a petition campaign, the organization of professional groups to visit Congress, the establishment of a speakers' bureau, a media campaign, the publishing of a book and student lobbying. The veteran leadership of Project Pursestrings hoped at the start that they could act as the channel for all lobbying efforts, but they quickly ran into a number of individual movements that wished to maintain their individuality and they sensed a feeling that they represented what had become an anti-war establishment. There was also some evident jealousy that Project Pursestrings seemed to have most of the identifiable names and the best access to increasingly scarce money. Sam Brown could be found on one afternoon, for example, conferring with one of Senator Kennedy's top aides on strategy. The people at Project Pursestrings argue that this is all the more reason for letting them hold up the tent and there has been a gradual coalescence of several operations.

Money has been a particular problem. In some cases, appeals such as that staged on national television by Senators McGovern, Hatfield, Hughes, Goodell and Cranston have been phenomenally successful. The first appearance brought in more than $340,000 above the $72,000 charge for air time. However, the student op-



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erations find much slimmer pickings. The state of the national economy as a whole has had its effect. In addition, a well-known student leader who asked not to be identified said: "The money situation has really dried up in part because John Mitchell is using the Internal Revenue Service to scare off some potential contributors. They are afraid their contributions may be used against them in some way." Whatever the Attorney General may or may not be doing, he is clearly a bogyman to the young people pushing their case on Capitol Hill.

But if money is short, optimism is high. The young people see a real chance to swing votes for the anti-war legislation in the Senate and they even have hopes about the House. "I have never seen such fantastic energy working to end the war," says McCarthy campaign veteran James Johnson who now mans an office at Project Pursestrings. He thinks the momentum may well keep building until the day when the roll is called for a showdown vote. And, even if the Amendment To End the War is defeated, there is widespread determination to keep the drive going right into the November elections.

The campaigns for Congressional seats this fall are developing as a sort of second front. Lobbying on Capitol Hill is one way of working within the system, and working on election campaigns is another. Both reflect a conscious decision by the students to give the system another whirl. They are pragmatic about it. Charles Palmer, president of the National Student Association, says candidly: "Most of the kids are down on breaking windows now. Tactically, it is just stupid." Palmer, Hawk, Brown and others with student constituencies all agree that, even if all American troops are out of Cambodia by July 1, the student pressure will continue, since the real issue is not Cambodia but the war in Indo-China.

The reinvolvement of students in electoral politics draws bipartisan support. In the Senate, Republican Charles Percy argues that the national interest which once demanded a summer vacation from school so that the young could work in the harvest now demands a fall break so that the young can help harvest the votes. And Democrat Birch Bayh drew a standing ovation from more than 1,000 students when he declared: "Dissent, but responsibly, protest, but with the power of moral persuasion as your weapon for change. The most effective protest you can make, the most effective moral pressure you can exert is to start now, right now, in the Congressional campaigns of those who represent your views."

Several groups pointing toward the elections are already at work. They include the Congressional Clearing House, the Movement for a New Congress, the Congressional Action Fund, Referendum 70 and a number of others. In some states, thousands of names have already been put on petitions which have been forwarded to members of Congress with the simple message that votes against anti-war legislation in Congress will translate into votes against re-election at home.

This does not mean that students will be flooding the country in one election district after another this fall. They intend to be selective and mass their strength where it will do the most good. Or, in some cases, stay away if that will help. The key efforts will be to swing the close contests. Some races, such as Howard Metzenbaum's run for the Senate in Ohio, and Allard Lowenstein's re-election bid in New York, are already slated for attention. An invisible cord stretches from the polling booth to the marble walls of Congress, and a good many of the country's politicians can already feel the weight of the young thousands upon the line. □

THORNS OR GRAPES?

# THE HARVEST IN PALESTINE

**HERBERT KROSNEY**

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*Jerusalem*

The cemetery on Mt. Herzl commands a vista of the Judean hills, looking out to the sea. It is filling up, this cemetery, with the graves of young men. Those bothered by "Israeli intransigence" should remember the black cloud of uncertainty that hangs over the heart and home of every family here.

It has hung there a long time. Somehow the public mind seems to remember that the Mideast crisis has endured for only two or three years, since the Six Day War. In fact, there has been a dispute to this land for the last fifty years. In the last few years the argument between Arab and Jew has been internationalized, not so much because of the United States but because the Soviet Union has been trying to extend its sphere of influence into the oil-rich Middle East.

In this crucible of war, Israel has learned that its pain lies not in offending world opinion but in the loss of its sons. General Dayan, just before the recent raid into Lebanon, expressed it clearly. He said that he was less concerned about a decision of the United Nations Security Council, which by its very membership composition has reflex bias against Israel, than about the eight killed and seventeen wounded in the previous ten days in the small development town of Kiryat Shmona and along the Lebanese border. So, in the terms of Israeli psychology, it was time to act. A task force went into Lebanon; it was a show of strength designed to demonstrate to the Lebanese Government that it is better to exert authority over its own borders than to give a free hand to the Fatah. The Israelis moved in, held the territory for thirty hours, and



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then moved out. Whether the correct lesson will be drawn by the Lebanese Government remains to be seen.

In this instance, the cycle of violence seemed to be avoided by a very careful use of force, designed to minimize casualties. Lebanese villagers were greeted with propaganda leaflets beginning with a proverbial Arab verse:

*He who sows thorns*
*Will not harvest grapes —*
*And he who lights a fire*
*May be burned.*

The leaflets concluded: "Drive out the terrorists and you will live in peace and security."

The Lebanese villagers along Israel's frontiers are quite often Christians and they are known to have no particular sympathy for the predominantly Moslem Palestinian irregulars. They also have no desire to repeat the experience of Arab villagers living along the Jordan River. There, the action of Palestinian terrorists, combined with Israeli defensive activity, produced a barren earth, the villagers abandoning their homes to the terrorists and moving up into the hills. This, in a border area that had known peace for twenty years and where Arabs and Israeli farmers cultivated down to the water's edge and often exchanged greetings with one another across the river. As is usual with Arab policy, the needs of individual Arabs had been sacrificed to the primarily symbolic "war" the terrorists are waging against Israel.

It is not, however, on Israel's besieged borders that the most interesting, and most hopeful, conflict is now taking place. Russian, Egyptian and Israeli moves have served to check one another. A scarcely less important struggle goes on in the territories conquered by Israel in the Six Day War; it perhaps offers more solid ground for a future peace. This is a war for the control of a population.

The Israelis play that game with considerably more skill than do the Americans in Vietnam. Yet it is a difficult game, its chances for success obscured by a special kind of Israeli blindness. The Israelis don't expect to win allegiance, but they do hope to establish a *modus vivendi* that will insure peace in the territories and cooperation between the two peoples. The Israeli Government has begun to be seriously involved in these territories in a way which they often hesitate to publicize, partly for fear of jeopardizing the growing cooperation.

The other day I was talking with a high official in the Israeli Government, a deputy director of one of the ministries. We were discussing some of the Israeli activities, and he spoke almost as though arguing with himself:

> You know, we're doing a lot, much more than we'll admit. Electricity and factories in Gaza, work for Arab laborers in Israel, small factories in Nablus and Hebron. Our investment is considerable, even though we've hesitated to publicize it.
>
> I'm not questioning the work we're doing. I think it's good. I'd like to know why we are not publicizing it enough. I think it goes right to the heart of us.
>
> In the first place, to publicize it would mean we're acknowledging we're tying the future of the territories very closely to our own economic future. That's clear. But it's deeper.
>
> I think we don't publicize it because our inmost wish is that we really want the Arabs out of here. We want our own state. We want to be comfortable with ourselves, with Jews, and we want to build our country. We don't want to make it seem, even for them, that we're doing too much for them, that life is too good here.
>
> We're embarrassed by our goodness . . . by our having to stick to these principles we believe in even when we don't want to.

What exactly has Israel been doing? The activity can be summed up in the astounding total of nearly $30 million budgeted annually for "civil administration in the territories." I have this figure, generally unknown, from a most reliable source. The sum does not include military costs. It also should be noted that it does not contribute to any significant extent toward a solution of the refugee problem. The money is intended mainly for the inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza, those who are settled in the area, live there, make their homes where they have always had homes.

A good deal of this money goes for loans to business enterprises. I was in Nablus the other day and learned of at least four sizable Israeli loans to local commercial and industrial projects. One of them was a plastics factory, another a glass factory. Another, still awaiting approval, was for a marble slab factory. Such loans are for anywhere from $5,000 to $25,000, a sizable sum in this part of the world, and are offered at low interest.

Nablus is a beautiful city nestled in the Samarian hills about an hour's ride north of Jerusalem. It is a rich city, with possibly the most nationalistic spirit of any West Bank area. Many of the town's older families were closely tied in with King Hussein, and their relationship with the Hashemite royal family brought many of them wealth literally in the millions. The town looks wealthy; its bright whitish stone buildings gleam in the sun.

I was surprised by the extent to which at least individual members of these families were involved with the Israeli authorities. A few of them had accepted Israeli Government loans for particular enterprises. I found, however, a distinct reluctance to be quoted. A doctor who had invested in one of the Nablus factories was most fearful that his acceptance of an Israeli loan would be discovered by his colleagues across the Jordan River. It is this fear, the political uncertainty surrounding the Israeli enterprise, which seems most to handicap its success.

It isn't just in the economic sphere that patterns of cooperation have developed. The Mayor of Nablus recently asked permission to visit the prison where Arab prisoners are kept, in order to report on conditions to his town council. The request was granted; and the Mayor was evidently satisfied with what he saw. He stated after his visit that the prison conditions were good, and then repeated his criticism of Israeli administrative detention procedures.

This dialogue, this open criticism, this recognition by Israeli officials of the authority of the Nablus Mayor and his town council, should not be overlooked. Nablus remains a strong center of anti-Israeli feeling, but a new stage of relationship has been reached, one beyond demonstrations, strikes, even support of terrorist activity. It is a working relationship between a community basi-



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cally running its own affairs, and an occupying authority which is encouraging as much local self-rule as possible, and which is simultaneously becoming more involved in the town's commercial activities.

Loans are an important element of this environment, but the Israelis are also extending advice on marketing. They are helping Arabs to export overseas and to keep an expanding trade flowing across the Jordan River bridges, both into Jordan and into many of the other Arab countries as well.

Israelis have been particularly active in agriculture. I visited an experimental agricultural station in Jericho. Its head was a young Arab whom I shall call Ahmud, a trained agronomist and a 1966 graduate of the School of Agriculture at Egypt's Alexandria University. His Israeli adviser was named Yigal, a tall, mustached, sturdy chap who was not a university graduate. In the last three years Yigal has gained a minimal command of the Arabic language.

Jericho is one of the hottest places on earth, but it is green, too, and its lush vegetation sits like an oasis after one has traversed the spectacular road from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. After passing a nearly deserted refugee camp on the outskirts of town, one is suddenly in the center of Jericho. The shops are open; the sellers hawk their goods; the market displays the delicious citrus fruit for which Jericho is famed.

About 100 yards from the town's main square is the agricultural station. The Israelis have built a temporary packing house in order to systematize the sorting of the product for its three different markets: the West Bank, Jordan and Europe. The selection is made carefully. The machines, given by the Israeli Government, are operated by a group of Arab girls. Trucks come every ten minutes or so to take the goods off to market.

Washington Star

*"But, Effendi, You Can See I Have No Control Over Him!"*

Later, as Yigal and I stopped to inspect some of the farms in the region, a farmer came up to our car. He asked Yigal about getting a government loan. The young Israeli listened attentively; he made a date to talk with the farmer in town.

I spoke with a wealthy farmer of the region who had been provided, free of charge, with a new kind of drip irrigation system, a method developed by Israeli agronomists that is more economical than the conventional sprinkler system in the heat of Jericho. The farmer, a Muslim from Ramallah who spends the winter on his farm in Jericho, was relatively happy about the Israeli aid and now intended to buy the new irrigation system which had helped him increase production considerably. He was very unhappy, however, about the warm winter weather which had supported a considerable vegetable production in the higher hill country, flooding the market with produce and lowering prices. The Israelis paid him a high price for his export goods to Europe, but his revenue from the local and Jordanian markets had been considerably reduced by the competition. It was amazing to see how easily Yigal and his Israeli colleagues talked with the Arab farmers and agricultural agents. A pattern of cooperation has developed. The Arab image of the Jew, built up by twenty years of propaganda, has been negated, if not yet entirely erased. The Arabs still complain a good deal against the Israeli Government, but they have found that individual Jews are compatible and that it is possible to work with them, even when they represent the government.

Yigal and his boss, named Boomer Goldstein, are Israelis who have proved they can win wars and now want to win the peace. They may be compared to American Peace Corps volunteers, but they're tougher, they see their own purposes much more clearly identified with the purposes of their nation, and they have a staying power which American volunteers don't always match.

The result of such Israeli activity is that for just about a year there have been no anti-Israeli demonstrations by the people of the West Bank. This tranquillity, to which very few people have called attention, is a triumph over the terrorists that is astonishing after the hate propaganda of the last two decades.

It is even hard to believe that there is a military occupation of the West Bank. Traveling from Hebron in the south to Jenin in the north, one rarely sees an Israeli soldier, and then he is guarding some specific installation. The Arab police forces function, the businesses follow old patterns, except where Israeli help has provided stimulation.

Aside from isolated terrorist incidents, such as one in Nablus in April in which a number of tourists were wounded, a working relationship has evolved. I don't mean that the Arabs suddenly love the Jews, but in their daily lives they have chosen normalcy, and the outlines of a working relationship with Israel, in preference to calls by the terrorist organizations for outright revolt.

But that is the surface of life. Beneath it lie questions of "political rights" and occupation, a welter of conflicting moral claims which dominate the arguments in this land.

An Israeli friend and I had been invited to a Muslim



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wedding in east Jerusalem in which the bride was being given away by her proud father to an Israeli Arab from the village of Taibye. The Arabs from Taibye sat in the comfortable courtyard dressed in short-sleeved shirts, looking very much like café patrons in Tel Aviv. A few Israelis had also been invited and, except for language, it was impossible to differentiate between Arab and Jew.

My friend said: "Another ten years and all the Arabs will be looking like Jews. You won't be able to tell them apart. Even so, I just can't trust them. Because they must know they have lost the land. We have beaten them. They have a claim to the land, too. How would you feel if you were they?"

This recognition that the Arabs have a valid claim to the land that is irreconcilable with Jewish claims oppresses the minds of many young Israelis. They have an instinctive understanding of the Arab position. Their own attitudes have been shaped by a brief history of warfare and conflict. They do not expect a proud person to give up his claim, even though they see Israeli, and now West Bank, Arabs coming into a living relationship with Israel. An Israeli girl who had spent her military service in intelligence work said to me: "If I were an Arab, I would be a Fatah, too. But I'm not. So, I guess, I fight them."

But the Israelis do not give up their claims. They are determined to continue their quest for a sovereign existence and they accept the possibility of having to fight for it.

One can only wonder if prosperity, increased cooperation and proofs that Jews and Arabs can live together will dampen the fires of Arab nationalism. That seems to be happening to a still limited degree on the West Bank. In fact, the process beginning there looks to be the same that Israeli Arabs have experienced for the last twenty years. It has resulted in a generally fruitful relationship for both Arabs and Jews—though one not without its problems.

Part of the problem in the past has been the resolute refusal of the Israeli Government to admit any validity to Palestinian nationalism. It is true that Palestinian claims are severely compromised insofar as they are based on the assumption that Palestine is no more than a part of southern Syria—long the Arab doctrine concerning Palestine. But a new consciousness has undoubtedly developed in the years, and Golda Meir does not help when she denies even a trace of validity to these Arab claims, saying that she, like the Arabs, is a Palestinian, since she lives there. I have heard her declaim on this subject and it is one of the few areas in which she is not convincing. What right, after all, does anyone have to define another people's self-recognition? And particularly what right has a Jew, whose own recognition has taken such centuries and been won after such suffering?

Premier Meir's attitudes, and those of other old-timers, are not invariably shared by the younger generation or by many other more flexible Israeli thinkers. And there has been some recent progress. Shimon Peres, long a close associate of Moshe Dayan and Ben Gurion, has recently been put in charge of activities in the territories. His approach is far more imaginative than that of his predecessors. His chief concern centers on the issue of political uncertainty. Arabs can be loud in rhetoric, but the wealthy ones, in particular, are extremely cautious and practical when their own lives are concerned. Arabs in the territories live in a state of uncertainty that hampers investment and development in general.

Peres has recently advocated a number of steps which could have far-reaching effects. For one, he wants to establish a pilot project for the refugees. Second, he wants to expand Israeli investment in the territories and make a truly significant Israeli commitment to their well-being and progress. Third, most radically, he suggests putting a time limit on an Arab response to Israeli offers of negotiation: to say that after six months, or a year, Israel will assume responsibility for these areas and commit itself to long-term economic planning. Politically, this would mean the establishment of far greater home rule, free local elections for the first time in the history of these areas, and the beginning of a Palestinian government on the West Bank. If nothing else, it would assure the Arabs in the territories that they must live in some eventual close relation to Israel, and that they must begin to plan their lives accordingly. If not handled tactfully, this could appear as direct annexation; and it could lead to war.

Abba Eban hinted at the same approach in a recent speech, in which he said that if the Arabs came to the negotiating table Israel would be prepared to make concessions which would "startle" the world. He also, for the first time, stated that these concessions would be an "Arab state," sharing the boundaries of Palestine—meaning either Jordan or a Palestinian state which would replace Jordan.

However, more than political formulas are involved. To live closely with Arab society demands that the Jew come to terms with that society, and this most Jews are reluctant to do. The Arabs are charming and many of them are intelligent, but it's another thing to merge two nationalisms into a close pattern of cooperation within open boundaries.

It's easy enough to blame the Jews, but what it really boils down to is that a very pugnacious, modern 20th-century people is being asked to find a common path with a people still living mainly in the distant past. The Arab Palestinian is still basically feudalistic in his relation to women, to labor, to life. The Arab world is in the painful throes of coming to grips with itself; possibly the Palestinian revolution is one of its means toward modernity. I would suspect, on the contrary, that on the issue of anti-Zionism modern Arab society is crucifying itself.

I am speaking of psychological factors here, and I could be wrong. I think that the Arab is still insulted by the Jew—by the *existence* of the Jew. The Jew shows the Arab what he has failed to achieve. The existence of the Jew forces the Arab to look at his own society. Certainly the Jew, on his part, must concede to the Arabs the rights of political man which have become such an important part of our century.

The beginnings of this process of healing seem to have begun. Perhaps in the process Arab political rights can be realized. Time is an uncertain factor, however, and it is at the beck and call of those who use it best. That the Israelis will have the wisdom, and in the long run the psychological willingness, to complete the healing process remains to be seen. □



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## As Long As You've Got Your Health

FIVE PATIENTS: The Hospital Explained. *By Michael Crichton. Alfred A. Knopf. 231 pp. $5.95.*

**MICHAEL G. MICHAELSON**
*Mr. Michaelson, a medical student and a graduate student in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, is editor of the journal* Itis, *which focuses on problems of urban health services delivery. He is working on a book about the American physician.*

In less than half a century the growth of the "modern hospital"—in number, bulk, kind, complexity, status, power, cost—has been so rapid, so unchecked, that our entire pattern of health services delivery has been irreversibly transfigured. Until recently there has been little need to question the reasonableness of that growth or its efficacy. But today the American hospital stands, as if on the point of a cone, in the center and at the vanguard of a medical care mechanism which by all available criteria—and even by Richard Nixon's too glib admission—is in the process of collapsing.

What role the hospital has played in precipitating the current crisis, and maintaining it, is moot. Rarely has the hospital been other than a self-serving institution; with distressing regularity it has placed the interests of its trustees and professional staffs above those of the patients and communities it is supposed to serve. Still, the hospital in history has probably oppressed the American patient less than the political malfeasance of those few enterprising villains identified as "organized medicine," or an exploitative pharmaceutical industry, or (perhaps most important) this acquisitive society's traditional definition of good health as a commodity rather than as a fundamental human right.

More to the point than what the hospital has been in the past, however, or even what it is now, is its future tack. The urban university-medical-school-teaching hospital complex has begun to surpass the American Medical Association as the most powerful factor in our health-care establishment. Increasingly, it is being looked to for solutions—by politicians like Nelson Rockefeller and Edward Kennedy, by labor and civil rights leaders, and by liberal physicians and administrators like John Knowles of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. It is being looked to, also, for profits. Hospitals, hospital supplies, and medical technology comprise, to paraphrase *Fortune* magazine, a virtually recession-proof growth industry.

Even the AMA can see the writing on the corridor walls. Though it succeeded in clumsily blocking the appointment of Dr. Knowles to the assistant secretary post in HEW last summer, the group finally yielded to Dr. Roger Egeberg, dean of the Medical School of the University of Southern California, another active servant of what it bitterly terms the "hospital interests." Membership in the Association fell below 50 per cent of all licensed physicians in 1969, the first time in its history. Salaried doctors working for hospitals and large group practices have increased steadily in number for the last decade, and the trend will continue. Simply: the independent practitioner no longer is central to the nation's health; the hospital is.

Dr. Michael Crichton graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1969, just two months after the publication of his novel, *The Andromeda Strain.* As that book demonstrated, he has an extraordinary capacity to seize upon, then make real and personal, the new and the complex, the intriguing and the frightening. More than one critic concluded then that he was a second-rate novelist, but a first-rate explainer.

*Five Patients,* Crichton's first nonfiction effort, is subtitled *The Hospital Explained.* That is too ambitious: for clearly it is impossible for one man, one volume, one perspective to explain satisfactorily even one kind of hospital, or even one particular hospital in one particular city. But there is a real value in the attempt, indeed, an extraordinary value. And Crichton's success, if severely limited, is still substantial. *Five Patients* — too brief, too restricted in focus, wanting in vital social and political analysis—must be counted an important book.

The author is properly self-critical: "This is a highly selective and personal book," he writes at the outset, "based on the idiosyncratic observation of one medical student wandering around a large institution, sticking his nose into this room or that, talking to some people and watching others and trying to decide what, if anything, it all means." The institution is the Massachusetts General Hospital, perhaps the best and certainly the most prestigious teaching hospital in the country, a good choice if a somewhat unrepresentative one. From a group of twenty-three patients admitted to MGH in 1969, Crichton selected five to present at length, deeming their experiences "in some way particularly interesting or relevant."

They are. Each case is presented in clinical detail, very much the way it is on morning rounds at the bedside. (So much so, in fact, that these patients remain rather two-dimensional as people —just as they do in the hospital.) Diagnostic and therapeutic procedures are described, defined, de-mystified, made to make sense. One patient dies, four recover, each serves to illustrate a critical aspect of the hospital and its problems: how vastly (and in many ways senselessly) hospitals have grown; the exorbitant expense of modern technological care; the potential uses and abuses of computers, telecommunication and mechanization; the comic anachronism which yet manages to be considered "medical education." Each case is rounded and enriched by Crichton's strong sense of history. And that same sense tempers his penchant for prognostication—an affliction which science fiction visionaries and earnest sociologists (Crichton is both) seem to share.

Still, prediction is necessary, and Crichton predicts. Hospital care, he suggests, will be rationalized, increasingly automated, rendered more efficient. The present organization of patient care by sex, socio-economic or racial status, and kinds of therapy (medical or surgical) will be replaced by one based on relative severity of illness, the differential need for close medical and nursing attention. To a significant degree this has already begun to happen (in the form of intensive care units, for example, and surgical recovery rooms). Likewise the trends toward increasing ambulatory (out-patient) care, decreasing convalescent, custodial care, and restricting hospitalization to those patients absolute-



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ly requiring it. In each case, the author is on documentably solid ground.

"Less certain," Crichton writes, "are those new tasks and responsibilities that the hospital will assume in the future." Here the critical question is asked: will the hospital, must the hospital, continue to grow? "The pressures," the author correctly perceives, "are largely social." The volume concludes with a discussion of "the hospital's notion of an extended responsibility, which goes beyond the confines of its walls . . . dealing both with the hospital patients and with the surrounding community . . . discovering those patients who need hospitalization but are not receiving it, and treating other patients so that future hospitalizations will be prevented." Yes, Crichton says in effect, the hospital will grow.

Here the author most clearly manifests his alignment with the new establishment of hospital-based medical liberals. He shares with them a well-founded antipathy for the AMA, which "has not considered the interests of patients for forty years . . . its only commitment is to the doctor's bank account." But he is unwilling, as they are, to call for its necessary dissolution as a political force. He echoes their fashionable dismay over the absurdity of medical education; indeed, his best writing pertains to this subject. But he calls, as the liberals do, for essentially piecemeal reforms, when in fact the entire concept of what a doctor *is* in this country, and by extension how he is educated, needs to be radically altered. He implicitly applauds the inevitability of universal health insurance, and with the liberals notes that "the single most important problem facing modern hospitals is cost." But he fails to articulate what is even more crucial: that the single most important problem facing the American patient is the modern hospital.

In our hospitals every patient, and not merely every poor or black patient, is a nigger. From the moment he is admitted, the patient is reduced to the status of a dependent, helpless, anonymous infant. His clothes and worldly goods are taken away, he is pushed about in a wheel chair, wrapped in a drab dressing gown, tucked into what resembles—certainly more than it does the adult bed of procreation and elective rest—a crib. Formerly a person, he becomes an example of "interesting pathology," of "good clinical material." He is assaulted by needles, probes, hammers, lights, catheters, tubes, rectal thermometers, medications, instruments large and small, callously noisy or insidiously quiet—all this, generally, without a word of explanation. What words he does hear—SGOT, serum amylase, CPK, pyelogram, EMG, guiac positive, prothrombin time—make no sense; they were designed that way. When a student at my own school asked an anatomy professor why he used the expression "pathognomonic of" instead of "characteristic of," he was told: "Why, son, the public might know what we were talking about!" He was being funny; but he was not kidding.

Predictably, doctors insist that the "good patient"—passive, dependent, ignorant of medicine (but able to follow orders), helpless (but strong in his determination to get well)—is, like a good nigger or good wife, "happy" that way, more "secure." He wouldn't want to know, the argument goes, even if he were capable of knowing. Hence the duplicity involved in revealing true prognoses; hence the game of pretending that medical students are doctors; hence the familiar truism that doctors make "bad" patients: they know too much to be niggers, and they have been running the plantation for too long.

In the area of social medicine, now so fashionable, the situation promises to be similar. Liberal hospital physicians, like all good doctors, want to remain in control. They want their hospitals to grow, to extend *into* the community in the form of "satellite clinics," to plan *for* the community rather than *with* it, to provide "services" rather than truly to serve. Certainly it would be unfair to issue a blanket indictment of the new liberal hospital establishment which men like Knowles represent and of which Crich-

## GARDEN OF THE (DEAD) GODS

*Welcome, say the signs*
*to the travelers crossing the Red River,*
*welcome to North Dakota, where the sun shines*
*upon the hard spaghetti-potential wheat*
*and the black earth nurtures the sugar beet,*
*where the people are innocent*
*and sometimes naive and sometimes sweet,*
*singing sunnily Sunday hymns*
*in praise of God's northern bounty*
*and the Pentagon's ABM's*
*siloed on the border of the Peace Garden,*
*ready in case God should nap*
*mayhap.*

*Welcome to frigid love and beauty*
*and the stately sense of responsibility*
*to do one's agricultural and military duty.*
*Welcome to the level, that is flat, State*
*with its roads well paved and with infrequent curves*
*except around the MIRV's*
*planted in case God should, as some have said,*
*be, after all, however unlikely, dead*
*and there would be no longer any reason to try*
*to convert the ungodly communists*
*with just another familiar religious lie.*

*Welcome, good travelers all,*
*to North Dakota, the Death Garden State,*
*where missiles lie buried like bodies*
*ready to explode and appall*
*when the resurrection and the General call,*
*where stones like grain have been planted in rows*
*and wait,*
*bright in the winter sun,*
*where the silent, the cemetery silent*
*majority lies in the President's peace,*
*that really silent majority that knows*
*where our ultimate race will run.*

Richard Lyons



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ton seems essentially to approve. It remains more benign than the older AMA, fee-for-service, individual practitioner model. But it is being challenged, especially in large cities like New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Boston, where the issues of community control of health facilities are being raised with increasing conviction and conflict. Organized hospital workers, and the "new generation" of health professionals and students are beginning to respond. It is a pity that Crichton, who surely understands these issues, has largely ignored them.

That pity contains a double irony: first, because Crichton begins his book with a reference to the student strike at Harvard last spring, which was motivated not only by ROTC but by the expansionist policies of Harvard Medical School (which was planning to displace large numbers of Boston inner-city residents without community knowledge or consent). Second, because the real contribution of *Five Patients*, what may be its lasting and unique significance, is in heralding the beginning of *true* medical education in this country, the end at last of the patient as nigger.

*Five Patients* is a popular textbook—the only kind of textbook that matters. It will be read widely, and it should be. The best sections educate, take a small but vital step toward an important goal: making American medicine the resource of the American people rather than of a few elitist (however well-motivated) professionals. To be sure, the book opens up only a very small fraction of what has for so long been jealously guarded. This is not yet the "guidebook" Crichton knows *every* patient entering the "foreign environment" of the hospital needs, but it is a beginning.

There is every reason to believe that such guidebooks will be written (and to hope that Crichton himself will write a good one). When they are, their most immediate effect will be psychological, educational. But finally that effect will be social, and political. Such books may significantly augment the nascent efforts of American communities to control health facilities along decentralized lines, not only in the ghetto but in the suburbs. They may help make the patient a human being again, and by extension may rehumanize, at long last, the physician. They may help us think critically about the growth of the American hospital as the central institution of health care in this country, help us check that growth, find alternatives. And finally, if we are especially lucky, they may help this society structure a health-care system for all its people, which is more than a facile figure of speech. □

# Isolation Booth

THE TWILIGHT OF THE PRESIDENCY: An Examination of Power and Isolation in the White House. *By George E. Reedy. World Publishing Co. 205 pp. $6.95.*

**CHARLES ROBERTS**

*Mr. Roberts, now a contributing editor of* Newsweek, *was that magazine's chief White House correspondent during the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson administrations. He is the author of* LBJ's Inner Circle (*Delacorte*) *and* The Truth About the Assassination (*Grosset & Dunlap*).

In Lyndon B. Johnson's steady procession of harried press secretaries (there were four in five years) George E. Reedy was probably the most thoughtful and least articulate. Though he had worked longer for LBJ than any other member of the White House staff, Mr. Reedy had more trouble explaining the 36th President, the Vietnamese War, and the credibility gap than any of his associates. He was clearly in a state of torment when I talked to him as he walked out of the White House press office on July 8, 1965, to undergo foot surgery and be succeeded by the young, glib Bill D. Moyers.

In this book Mr. Reedy's torment at that time is fully explained—and, as many of us suspected, it wasn't just from his aching foot. Reedy, it is now clear, was fed up with the White House and most of its occupants. He was tired of being browbeaten by his boss and outmaneuvered by ambitious Presidential sycophants. He had, moreover, grave misgivings about some of LBJ's policies, Vietnam included. And, though he later returned to the White House payroll in a less exposed position, he had concluded that the President was hopelessly isolated from reality by his eager-to-please, yes-men courtiers.

"The most important, and least examined, problem of the Presidency," Mr. Reedy contends, "is that of maintaining contact with reality." His first-hand recollections of what went on at the White House under LBJ provide persuasive evidence that Lyndon Johnson—gregarious and consensus-minded as he was—was an isolated President.

Reedy's book is not a kiss-and-tell account of the Johnson Presidency. At least, it wasn't meant to be. He doesn't say, for instance, that he is talking about President Johnson when he records that "a President can be rude, insulting, and even downright sadistic to his closest advisers . . . [or] can display the social manners of a Vandal sacking a Roman villa." But most of his observations apply obviously to the President he knew best and the White House staff on which he served: "Below the President is a mass of intrigue, posturing, strutting, cringing, and pious 'commitment' to irrelevant windbaggery." There is, he says, a "conspiracy of mediocrity" around the President—a "collection of the untalented, the unpassionate, and the insincere, seeking to convince the public that it is brilliant, compassionate, and dedicated."

When President Johnson (and Mr. Reedy) were in the White House, correspondents who asked were given a graphic description of how LBJ reached decisions on such problems as Vietnam. He encouraged an "adversary procedure," we were told, in which such dovish administration officials as George Ball and Cyrus Vance argued strenuously against the hawkish line. The President, we were assured, went around the table, listening to all his advisers, and never made his views or inclinations known until all had spoken.

Reedy presents an entirely different picture of those crucial conferences:

> White House councils are not debating matches in which ideas emerge from the heated exchanges of participants. The council centers around the President himself, to whom everyone addresses his observations. The first strong observations to attract the favor of the President become subconsciously the thoughts of everyone in the room. The focus of attention shifts from a testing of all concepts to a groping for means of overcoming the difficulties. A thesis which could not survive an undergraduate seminar in a liberal arts college becomes accepted doctrine, and the only question is not *whether* it should be done but *how* it should be done.

The root cause of Presidential isolation is, in most cases, cronyism. Most Presidents since Washington, who feared "seclusion from information," have tended to appoint like-minded men—men with whom they are comfortable—to their official families. Theoretically, a President should be able to overcome this handicap by hiring more advisers, including men of divergent views, and encouraging within the White House the "adversary procedure" LBJ was supposed to have employed. On this theory, the White House staff has grown from about forty-five secretaries and clerks in Herbert Hoover's time to about 1,500 people today.



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The theory doesn't work, however, when the President is so domineering (like Mr. Johnson) that his aides cringe before him and feed him on a strict diet of compliments, or when he is a "loner" like Mr. Nixon.

The importance of the problem Reedy examines has been underlined since April 30, when President Nixon ordered American troops into Cambodia without, apparently, the faintest notion of the domestic crisis his action would precipitate. Cambodia and its aftermath, including that plaintive letter to the President from Secretary of the Interior Hickel, support the supposition that Mr. Nixon is even more out of touch than his predecessor.

Despite his pre-election pledge that he would nurture the "spark of controversy" in an Administration "open to ideas from the people," Nixon has insulated himself not only from the poor, the black and the young (as most Presidents do), and from newsmen and labor spokesmen (who had frequent access to LBJ) but from businessmen, the liberal wing of his own party in Congress, and from members of his Cabinet.

In spite of—or perhaps because of—the largest White House staff in history, he suffers a severe communications gap. Reedy's message, so urgent and timely, even though it is based largely on his experience in the Johnson White House, should be required reading in the Nixon White House—and not in the digest form in which Mr. Nixon gets his news reports.

*The Twilight of the Presidency*, as informative as it is, is marred by some jarring errors that should cause heads to roll around the copy desk at World Publishing. President Eisenhower's press secretary is repeatedly referred to as "Jim Haggerty." FDR's "quarantine the aggressors" speech is placed in 1934—three years before it was delivered. We are informed that Harry Truman decided to resist aggression in Korea when Communist troops crossed "the Forty-ninth Parallel." (That would have been a Siberian rather than a Korean War.)

As its title suggests, this is a gloomy book. Reedy sees little prospect of future Presidents getting good advice from honest men. In his judgment "the only real blasphemy—the deadliest of sins" is "the deification of mortals and the sanctification of human institutions." Reedy offers, but only halfheartedly, a startling solution to the problem he has examined: the Presidency, he says, has become so exalted and so isolated an office that it should be abolished.

Reedy would substitute a parliamentary form of government, with a powerless ceremonial chief of state elected for a ten-year term and a managerial "chief of government" elected by the parliament (a remodeled House of Representatives) to serve, at its pleasure, for four years. In its one-chapter explanation, his parliamentary plan seems designed more for fragility than the flexibility Reedy desires. With its inevitable splinter parties and an Executive "answerable on a daily basis to the criticism of his colleagues," it does not sound like an attractive alternative. It smacks of burning down the White House, which with its checks and balances has proved a pretty useful institution, to repair the wiring.

Nor does Reedy think his parliamentary plan will be adopted "without a revolution." There must be some better—and safer—way of providing for the President what Reedy says he needs—a "body of men with whom he has a working relationship who can be severe and even unpleasant in their criticisms before he takes the final plunge." □

INDICES

*The embodiment of what*
*lies at the core of dreams,*
*in limbs that move as in*
*a dance, the thrust at the heart*
*of eyes that pour*
*deep violet on one's lap,*
*the music that follows,*
*the throb at the top of the head:*
*what are these but*
*indices to what*
*can never be attained?*
*Some warriors died thus*
*the sun flashing in their eyes,*
*and others in wet sand*
*unable to withstand*
*the drag of watervoices and*
*the treachery in ears!*

Arthur Gregor

# America on Wheels

APPROACHING THE BENIGN ENVIRONMENT: The Franklin Lectures in the Sciences and Humanities. *By R. Buckminster Fuller, Eric A. Walker, James R. Killian, Jr. Edited by Taylor Littleton. University of Alabama Press. 121 pp. $6.*

UNTITLED EPIC POEM ON THE HISTORY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION. *By R. Buckminster Fuller. Simon & Schuster. 227 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

**ROBERT F. SAYRE**
*Mr. Sayre is working on a study of utopias and personality. He is a member of the Center for Modern Letters at the University of Iowa.*

A new generation has discovered Buckminster Fuller. College students are now talking about geodesic domes and "The World Game" as their elders talked about Dymaxion principles and Fuller's articles in *Fortune* in the late 1930s. Concurrently, more of his books are in print than ever before. *Nine Chains to the Moon* (1938) and the very useful *Ideas and Integrities: A Spontaneous Autobiographical Disclosure* (1963) are in paperback, and a new collection of essays and speeches, *Utopia or Oblivion*, was published by Bantam in December. And now Quentin Fiore is producing a dazzling compendium of Fullerisms and Fullergraphs similar to Fiore's "unprinting" of Marshall McLuhan.

There are various reasons for this surge of popularity, some of which are obvious and some of which these two new books help clarify. First, for most of his audiences, is his companionable mixture of mischief and vision, making him seem like both a senior teacher of solid geometry and the bright-eyed, blue-suited captain of a great liner (now called *Spaceship Earth*). Second is his distinguished achievements, which are the object of expanding study and application everywhere from Russia to Expos, the Defense Department to hippie communes.

And third must be the fact that he is a provocative utopian, who has managed to transcend the barriers of war and suspicion and race and ideology by which the country (and the spaceship) is divided. Fuller evokes an idealism, just as Edward Bellamy did on the threshold of the progressive era—Bellamy who also had a transcendentalist streak and was translated into many languages and propagated by hundreds of clubs and the Nationalist Movement. But Fuller speaks with much more authority, partially because of his greater experience and partially because he has energized not the romance tradition of imaginary lands and kingdoms but something closer to utopia's prophetic tradition.

Still, Mr. Fuller has been a utopian for more than forty years, and these books indicate how he himself has



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changed. His piece in *Approaching the Benign Environment* is based on a speech given at Auburn University in October 1968. Entitled "Education for Comprehensivity," it is typical of his recent speaking and writing. It is nearly twice as long as the other two contributors' talks combined, is both personal and wide-ranging, and seems more like a loose yet urgent prophetic *rap* than any normal and respectable item in a lecture series.

On the other hand, *Untitled Epic Poem on the History of Industrialization* was first published by an independent publisher in North Carolina in 1962, and was begun, to judge by the year mentioned in it most frequently and which serves as terminus to its narrative, way back in 1940. What makes comparison of added importance is that change, personal and technological, is of the essence in Fuller's utopian vision, and the books display these kinds of related development. It is as if we had two different technologies: free verse and the tape recorder, middle and late experiments in communication, Dymaxion Fuller and Geodesic Fuller.

Russell Davenport in his brief introduction to the *Untitled Epic Poem* rings up Fuller's poetry to his versatility and implies that there may be acrimony between Fuller and the "conventionalized literary critics." Possibly. But not necessarily, because Fuller is advancing one of the major themes of 20th-century poetry: the use of poetry as a way of purifying language—if not a whole vernacular, then, minimally, his own. The circumstances are described in his autobiography, where he tells how in 1927 he had lost his business, could not resolve contradictions that were represented by the diversity of his friendships (from J. P. Morgan partners to Al Capone), and had brought himself to "an enormous pinch-point of pain." Accommodating so many conflicting opinions, he realized he had acquired them "through *words*" and therefore became "very suspicious of words" and for two years tried not using them. They were "tools," and he had been confusing his tools with other men's and had not sought a language appropriate to his already unique experience and novel ideas.

In the same year, he says, he decided to commit himself to trying to think about houses and dwellings and what men needed and how to apply sea and sky technology, where man was so efficient, to land dwellings, where man was so wasteful of weight and materials. Thus the two resolutions were motivated by the search for efficiency and integrity, and the readiness to experiment with all forms and materials. A decade later he published *Nine Chains to the Moon* as a combination novel and notebook, and then went on to write "No More Secondhand God" and the *Untitled Epic* as poems, continuing to experiment with language as a technology and with different ways of getting a new technology into a new language.

The lines of the *Untitled Epic* often seem rough and cacophonous. Fuller loves polysyllables and long strings of syllogistically qualifying prepositional phrases, like the definitions in science textbooks. He also likes putting some words in capitals and boldface—tools of special importance. But this isn't all programmatic; it gives pleasure. Fuller certainly isn't subtle, and one's own emotions are forestalled by the energy of the author and so many abstractions, concepts, facts and figures; but there is no escaping the book's freshness and strong-mindedness.

The poem divides "U.S.A. history" into two parts. The first is treated very briefly as the "Great Experiment" in political innovation. The second is "Industrialization," for which America has been world crucible; it is treated in three sub-periods 1850-90, 1890-1920, and 1920-40, which are progressively shorter because industrialization accelerated and accomplished more and more in less time. In the first there was "virtually no consideration/of tonnage or effort" —the heavy building of railroads, laying of telegraph lines, and opening of large mines and mills. Fuller saw the second as a comic period of World's Fairs, continued America's Cup victories, and society marriages to English nobility, ("U.S.A. arrival/at international culture parity"). That he says little or nothing about, say, the panic of 1893, depressions and muckraking points out what a selective "history" this is. It seems meant to be musical, Fuller's New U.S.A. Symphony.

In the next period he turns loud and angry. After the 1914-18 war, industry in America fell into the hands of "Trouble-Shooters," "Liquidators," managers, and public relations counselors whom Fuller assails as "the Publicitors." They were brought in by the bankers, and the banker was

> *. . . now a sartorially unctuous*
> *sanctimonious automaton,—*
> *ethically trained*
> *to unquestionable standards . . .*
> *of questionable standards . . .*

Fuller's more detailed theories are difficult to follow (this 1920-40 period is further divided into four sub-sub-periods), but it appears that bankers and publicitors were the real causers of the 1929 crash and the problems of the thirties, because they manipulated laws and finances and held to habits of hoarding and accumulation. They could not get industry out of drydock and refitted, because they did not recognize the real source of wealth and the real meaning of industrialization.

In *Nine Chains to the Moon* Fuller had defined wealth as available "(1) Energy Conversion Ability, (2) Time, and (3) Precision." He had also proved, to his satisfaction, that wealth does not depend on gold, money, debts or even credit—except as an expression of public confidence (and so his scheme to abolish bonds and to expand the stock market into a kind of vast democratic lottery and slot machine!).

Here in the *Untitled Epic* he elaborated on his definitions of industrialization. Basically, it is "the mechanical extension of man," man himself being a beautiful mechanism of joints, thermocouples, telecommunications, energy converters, and resurfacing systems. It thrives "amongst crossbred peoples," reducing their "deformities of inbred specializations." It promises to "terminate war/though first implementing it/to maddest absurdity." In its prehistory, the history of science and invention, is the heroic record of wise men and inquirers who freed man from superstition and drudgery. And it always works toward simplification, even though always introducing ever more interdependencies. So, "In a cogent sense/Industrialization is a religion," which seeks its own truth to nature and "has no priests," save "the self-appointed Publicitors," who are really more like "its furtively meddling buffoons."

> *"Love thy neighbor as thyself"*
> *Comes naturally in America,—on wheels.*

Fuller today no longer appears to be a man of this one religion. There has been reconstitution and metamorphosis. As he wrote in the *Untitled Epic*, "One may

> *. . . in the course of a period*
> *sometimes estimated to be as short as*
> *seven years,*
> *undergo replacement of every tissue cell*
> *of the human ensemble . . .*

This concept comes up again in "Education for Comprehensivity" in the story of how between two visits to Dartmouth College, seventeen years apart, the hall he spoke in had burned down and been rebuilt and "all my flesh had completely changed—there was none of the 1930 flesh left." So, he told his hosts, he hadn't been there before! Only his eyeglasses had; they were still the same.

I call the *Untitled Epic* a work of



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"Dymaxion Fuller" because it hangs on the one theme of industrialization, as the Dymaxion House hangs on its center pole. Saw away the pole, as both agrarians and radicals have done in accusing industrialization of all our modern ills, and the whole structure falls. The Dymaxion Fuller could be attacked as a single-minded technocrat. What makes his new rapping "Geodesic" is that it, like the domes, begins and ends in no single place but everywhere, in a circle of earth. There are also many more interconnections, so that you might fasten on to any vertex and be pulling at the whole web (the way his domes are airlifted by helicopter!). And so we have Fuller the jet-age oracle of John Cage's *A Year from Monday* who is literally a world-around speaker to one group of specialists after another, talking of relationships, ecology (oikos + *-logy*, the study of the house, the earth household and *dome*hold), ships and the earth ship.

One vertex which provides revealing contrasts to the ideas of Dymaxion Fuller is at the definition of wealth, which he now calls simply the capacity to regenerate life. The earlier definition was more oriented toward manufacture; this is explicitly biological. Related are the concept of synergy as the behavior of systems unpredictable by the separate behavior of their parts, his distinction between mind (synergetic and generalizing) and brain (analytic and specifistic), and the points that "scrap" is always reusable and that "pollution" and "waste" are resources our brains haven't figured out how to use. Thus the modern way to wealth is a new kind of *economy* —not just saving, as Benjamin Franklin's old geezer advised, and not consumption, as is practiced by the careless affluent society, but continuous and ever more efficient reuse which combines matter and mind in order repeatedly to "do more with less."

Points such as these are given both specific and mythic illustration: how the strength of metals is increased in alloys, how the efficiency of engines has been and must continue to be increased, how students working with him at the World Resources Inventory at Southern Illinois University have determined that the amount of sulfur given off annually in smoke from power plants exactly equals the amount annually mined for industrial use.

Another contrast is in Fuller's version of history, which no longer makes such arbitrary divisions into discrete periods or sticks to the United States alone. It has become his saga of "the great pirates," which, while apparently derived from the writings of Alfred Thayer Mahan studied at Annapolis, is told in such an irreverent and yet convinced and admiring way as to be very much his own. In *Approaching the Benign Environment* it spreads out over roughly 30 pages. The "pirates" were the mysterious old blue-water merchants who used princes and governments just as their harbor factors, while they went over the horizon and traded around the world, growing rich and making the whole world serve them. Implicitly, they were synergists. But their crisis came in World War I, when first the "out-pirates" (based on the Continent) and then the "in-pirates" (working through England) turned to the scientists and technical people, who "opened the Pandora's box of new technologies."

Now only the scientist can understand these forces, and only the comprehensive design scientists can integrate them. And where "survival of the fittest" was the proven rule of the pirates, the new altruism of "doing more with less" is the technologically feasible and economically sound rule of the new synergists. For the time being, popular fear and the backwardness of political systems inhibit the application of these principles. However, political reform, such as a static socialism which only divides the scarcity more evenly, is not the answer. There would still be scarcity. The scientists and comprehensivists must come up with yet better ways of increasing the wealth and comfort to be divided.

It is with this prophecy that Fuller has reopened the gates of utopia. We may be skeptical of it; one very controversial point, I think, lurks in the fact that as a ship-lover Fuller generally takes the architect's or officer's viewpoint, not the seaman's. Fuller can avoid the difficult questions of politics, government and justice because, like Bacon, he emphasizes science and the operational modes and orders of society. He talks of ships, not whales, not Leviathan.

And yet in getting away from proletarian political utopias he has helped relieve us of despair, and that's vital. He also must be further studied because like all the most suggestive and provocative utopians, whatever we think of their worlds, he is a very remarkable teacher. Utopias, we all know, aren't places. Better (or worse!) than that, they are educations. □

# The Composer's Workshop

RETROSPECTIVES AND CONCLUSIONS. *By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Alfred A. Knopf. 361 pp. $7.95.*

THE RITE OF SPRING: Sketches 1911-1913. Facsimile Reproductions from the Autographs. *By Igor Stravinsky. Boosey & Hawkes. 139 pp. $60.*

STRAVINSKY'S EARLY BALLETS. *(In Russian.) By I. Ia. Vershinina. Nauka Publishing House. USSR Academy of Sciences. 222 pp. 1 ruble (available through Victor Kamkin, Washington, D.C. $1.10 paper.)*

**SIMON KARLINSKY**
*Mr Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literatures at the University of California. He is the author of* Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

Maturing slowly as a composer, Igor Stravinsky caught up with the musical present of his age when he composed *The Firebird* at 28. One year later, with *Petrushka* (1911), he overtook that age and remained in the lead ever since, mapping out the future course of the art of music, both predicting its trends in his work and bringing them about by the force of his example. Several generations of music critics, puzzled by his continuous evolution, have ridiculed and deplored what they saw as the composer's unpredictable scurrying from style to style in heedless, pointless search of novelty. Their books and articles remain as historical curios, and Stravinsky's evolution can now be seen for what it always was: the rich, purposeful, astoundingly fruitful search for a synthesis between the musical culture of the past and the gradually emerging musical forms, both serious and popular, of the 20th century. The vantage point of Stravinsky's art has remained youthful: open, fresh, inquisitive. He never composed a bar of what may be termed "old man's music." If his recent *Requiem Canticles* do not seem the trail blazer that *Petrushka* and *The Rite of Spring* were sixty years ago, it is because by now we are used to Stravinsky. The same *Requiem Canticles,* coming from some young unknown, would have been hailed as an amazing new departure and the probable threshold of a major musical career.

Stravinsky has been increasingly active as a writer in recent decades. The sixth volume of his and Robert Craft's miscellanea (interviews, diaries and assorted commentary) has just been published, *The New York Review of Books* fre-



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quently features his opinions, and at this writing he has apparently become a regular columnist for *Harper's*. One recognizable impulse behind all this writing activity (there are many others) is the desire to document his own past, to point out the roots of his art in the great Russian artistic renaissance of the early 20th century, the brilliant period whose significance is so widely misunderstood or underestimated in the West. This documentary aspect of the Stravinsky-Craft volumes has been a great boon to musical historians and Western Stravinsky biographers, and, indeed, the books contain vast riches of musical and historical information gleaned from an almost unprecedented six-decade span of intense artistic creativity.

Not everything Stravinsky remembers should be taken as gospel, however. Lawrence Morton has demonstrated the master's lapse of memory in enumerating his Tchaikovsky sources for *The Fairy's Kiss*. In *Expositions and Developments* we are told about *Renard*: "The original title of my barnyard fable was *Skaska o petuhyeh, Leesyeh, kotyeh y baranyeh*, 'Tale about the Cock, the Fox, and the Ram.'" This was reverently cited in Eric Walter White's biography of Stravinsky and on the jacket of the Columbia recording of *Renard*. But that is *not* the original Russian title of *Renard*, as a glance at any printed edition of that work will establish. What Stravinsky is quoting, through the haze of that absurd, three-headed transliteration system, is the original Russian title of *Histoire du Soldat*, but with the four beasts of *Renard* replacing the soldier and the devil of the other work. The Russian title of *Renard* began with the word *Baika*, the regional and colloquial word for "story," and continued quite differently.

A few lines later, Stravinsky recollects how the music of *Renard* was inspired by the *guzla* which, as he explains, is "a kind of fine, metal-stringed balalaika . . . strapped over the player's head like the tray of a cigarette girl in a nightclub." This is a very precise description of the instrument called *gusli* in Russian and psaltery in English, which is the instrument Stravinsky means. The *guzla* is a Balkan bowed string instrument used to accompany the recitations of south Slavic folk epics and not related to *Renard* in any way (Stravinsky must have been thinking of Mérimée's collection of faked folk poems, *La guzla*, translated into Russian by Pushkin). Such memory lapses are probably unavoidable, given Stravinsky's huge storehouse of remembered experience. Western musicologists will continue quoting them in good faith until eventually their Russian colleagues will set them right.

That there is a substantial Soviet contribution to be made to our understanding of Stravinsky is startlingly evident with the publication of Irina Vershinina's masterful study of Stravinsky's first three ballets. Everything of significance written elsewhere about *The Firebird*, *Petrushka* and *The Rite of Spring* is right there in her book; but the author's insight into the Russian cultural history of the period and into Russian folk song and folklore (what Western musicologist could realize that the flute and cello themes at the very beginning of *Petrushka* are adapted from the street vendors' cries used to sell coal, herring and marinated apples?) enables her to locate these ballets in a historical and cultural context with a knowledge and precision that are beyond the reach of most non-Russian commentators.

A trained, competent musicologist, she draws on ethnography, anthropology, the history of Western and Russian painting, and on the social and political currents of the time to achieve a coherent and meaningful total picture. She is addressing a new generation of Russian readers who grew up during those three decades when the music of the greatest composer Russia ever produced could not be played in the USSR, and when he himself was persistently denounced as a traitor and a Wall Street lackey. The book is the first significant Soviet contribution to Stravinsky studies (discounting the pedestrian 1964 biography by Yarustovsky) since Igor Glebov's brilliant *A Book About Stravinsky* was published in 1930, only to be banned a year later and relegated to library shelves, classified "limited circulation" ever since.

It is instructive to compare Irina Vershinina's account of the genesis and reception of *The Rite of Spring* to Robert Craft's similar effort in his introduction to the elegant, if overpriced, Boosey and Hawkes facsimile edition of Stravinsky's working sketches. Craft draws on the memories of the composer, on some of his letters, on the statements of his French colleagues and the record in the Western press. Vershinina uses unpublished Stravinsky letters from Soviet archives, the reactions of the Russian press to the work's première and fragments from the private correspondence of various Russian critics and composers (e.g., Miaskovsky and Prokofiev). Craft's is the story of the creation of *The Rite of Spring* as it is remem-


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bered *now*; Vershinina's is the account of that creation as seen from Russia and within the context of Russian culture. Craft's most glaring omission is Stravinsky's essay (liberally quoted by Vershinina): "What I Wanted to Express in *The Rite of Spring*," written by the composer immediately after finishing the score and published in the journal *Muzyka* in 1913.

In the Russian text of that essay, there is a curious stylistic spillover from the ballet: Stravinsky uses the same archaic, shamanistic, bogyman style he devised for the titles of various sections of the music. The composer and Robert Craft wrestle with the problem of translating these titles into English, both in the notes to the sketchbook and in *Retrospectives and Conclusions*, and they often lose. *Igra umykaniia*, the Russian title of the section usually called "Jeu du rapt," means "Mock Abduction of the Bride," *umykanie* being the kind of bridal abduction practiced by exogamous societies to avoid intermarriage within the tribe. Stravinsky's new translation, "Game of Seizing the Girl," doesn't begin to cover the topic.

Nor is "Leading-Moving" a satisfactory rendition of the wonderfully evocative *Idut-vedut* (transcribed as *eedoot-veedoot* by Craft); literally, "they are coming—they are bringing them," where the rhyming pair of impersonal third-person plural verb forms conveys both the idea of a massive round dance and the spooky implication that some unknown entities are coming and bringing someone else, possibly against that someone's will. "The Evocation of the Human Ancestors," which Craft finds "unhelpfully . . . specific," is actually "Evocation of the Forefathers of Humans." Appropriately for the totemistic, prehistorical world of *The Rite of Spring*, the wording leaves open the question of whether these forefathers are gods, beasts or humans ("Forefathers of Humans," by the way, is the name of a 1911 painting by Roerich, the original set designer of the ballet, which indeed shows a group of prehistoric shamans in quasi-animal garb). Finally, Craft solemnly offers us a nonexistent Russian word, telling us that he is correcting an earlier misprint in the score. Couldn't Irina Vershinina or *somebody* have been consulted?

But even with all the shortcomings of the translation and commentary, the sketchbook itself is a delight. Anyone who knows and loves the work and who disregards all those music critics who every ten years or so announce that *The Rite* has had its day and is no longer relevant can now go to the local library and follow, with awe and fascination, the gradual taking shape in its creator's mind of the still startling score which Robert Craft imaginatively compares to a prize bull that has inseminated the whole modern movement. The nature of the imaginative and creative mental processes is probably ultimately not susceptible to paraphrased explanation, but study of the sketchbook does provide us with a number of interesting insights into Stravinsky's laboratory.

This same invitation to enter the composer's creative workshop was often the subject of the first five Stravinsky-Craft volumes, and in this respect *Retrospectives and Conclusions* is different from its predecessors. The book is mainly about illness, death and other men's music. Stravinsky remains a fascinating music critic, as his passages on Gesualdo, Monteverdi and Beethoven's last quartets show. The gem of the book is a brief, 2-page meditation on *The Magic Flute*—the presence of death in its music and the predictions of many future musical styles that hindsight can now discover in it. Henceforth, no collection of critical opinions on Mozart will be complete without these pages. However, to the list of works and composers (Beethoven, Wagner, Verdi, Ravel) that Stravinsky says are anticipated in *The Magic Flute*, we could add the last bars of his own *Larghetto concertante* from *Symphony in C*, recalling as it does the ending of Mozart's first act quintet.

Stravinsky's literary judgments, especially those on Tolstoy and Gorky, are trenchant and knowledgeable. Robert Craft narrates in his usual witty and readable manner Stravinsky's encounters with the English and American literary figures who are or were his friends: Eliot, Auden, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene. Craft's account of the opinions of Stravinsky's erstwhile mentor and friend, the co-founder of the Eurasian movement, P. Suvchinsky, demonstrates the peculiarly Russian form of confrontation between the creative genius and the sterile theoretician. Suvchinsky's reactions are exactly those of a typical 19th-century Russian literary critic, faced with a masterpiece by Pushkin or Tolstoy. Recognizing the achievement, such critics would inevitably complain of the artist's philosophical shallowness, political turpitude and Rus-

## WHEN TO THEE

*seasons*
*sweat*
*silent thought*
*eye*
*(some on ups)*
*remembrance*
*things*

*past new woes*
*past 14th street*

*the real is more beautiful*
*than the unreal*
*not because it is more real*
*but because it is more beautiful*

*régis debray*
*squinting into the lights trying*
*to say what he wants to say*
*in a language he doesn't know too well*

*if i had the wings of an angel*
*what i would do would be an integral & necessary part*
*of the revolutionary struggle*

*thirty*

*let the forest*
*join us*
*brother tree*
*let us march brother grass*

Sam Abrams



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sian provincialism. Certainly, Suvchinsky's political slurs should be seen as a part of the Byzantine web of Parisian *émigré* rivalries rather than as any factual revelations.

The most memorable pages in *Retrospectives and Conclusions* move away from the format of diaries and commentaries of the earlier volumes and enter the realm of literary confessions. The wealth of medical information, the precise accounts of Stravinsky's various illnesses and close brushes with death, his realization of its imminence, Robert Craft's agonies of apprehension (the two are clearly closer than most fathers and sons) — all this would make depressing reading were it not for Stravinsky's overriding intellectual curiosity about these new experiences and his steadfast determination to survive and to write more new music. Intensely concerned with the present, more aware of and sympathetic to its problems than many a man half his age, Igor Stravinsky at 88 remains a young and active musician with, we hope, more books like this one and more musical masterpieces like *Requiem Canticles* to offer to an amazed and grateful world. □

# THEATRE / Julius Novick

At last, and at least, the American theatre no longer assumes that if what we used to call "the Negro problem" is ignored, it will go away. More "race plays" by black authors and white ones, are being produced in this country nowadays than ever before.

They seem to fall into four main categories (and all four categories include plays by white authors as well as black). First of all, to get them out of the way quickly, there are the delusively optimistic, brotherhood-is-just-around-the-corner shows, such as *Purlie* and *Look to the Lilies*, which are still to be found (with music!) on Broadway. Second are the plays that simply try, without emphasizing a particular polemical point, to express what it feels like and is like to be a black man in modern America. This is probably the most distinguished group; it includes *Raisin in the Sun* by Lorraine Hansberry, *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* by Lonne Elder III, and *No Place To Be Somebody* by Charles Gordone, the last of which recently won the Pulitzer Prize. (White authors do not write much in this category any more, but if you want to go back far enough there is *Porgy* by the Heywards.) Things being how they are, and always have been, in this country, the second category inevitably overlaps with the third: the oppression/persecution plays, which include *The Great White Hope* by Howard Sackler and *Slave Ship* by LeRoi Jones.

The fourth category is the newest and the most "relevant" of all. The increasing interest in plays about the black presence in America is beginning to combine with an increasingly agonized sense of racial crisis to produce a group of plays that evoke the racial wrath to come, plays which suggest that at the basis of black-white relations in this country is hatred: deep, dangerous and mutual. After the plays of persecution, we are beginning to see plays—not all of them by LeRoi Jones—that attempt to show what persecution leads to when the persecuted begin to retaliate. Some such plays have been, and will be, merely black revolutionary propaganda; some will not.

One such (nonpropagandist) play was recently given its world première by the Hartford Stage Company, the local resident professional theatre of Hartford, Conn. The play is by a young writer named James Damico, and it is entitled *The Trial of A. Lincoln*. It is set in the basement of a police station in an American city; the time is the present. A very odd sort of mock trial is going on: Abraham Lincoln, no less, is suing a black militant named I.A.T. (for I Am The) Best for slander, because Best has called him a racist.

But just what are we supposed to make of Lincoln's reappearance in 1970? And why is this trial, which is evidently not really a trial, being held in a police station basement? Mr. Damico does not choose to make things clear until his play is nearly over—at which point the police station is suddenly transfixed by the spearhead of a black uprising. It turns out that the "trial" is a sort of group-therapy exercise, to allow black and white police officers to work off their mutual hostilities; but the hostilities remain. The ending is a trick ending, and I had better not give it away; but it is fair to say that the only comfort it offers is the grim satisfaction that comes from confronting the possibility that there is no comfort to be had.

Damico never tells us what city he is writing about, but there are special reasons for doing a play like this in Hartford, which suffered serious riots only last summer. While the play was actually in production this spring, a story from Hartford in *The New York Times* indicated that racial tensions there were still very high. *The Trial of A. Lincoln* attempts to mirror just the sort of tensions, the deep and desperate hatreds between the races, that cause riots and that result from them. (Damico even suggests that these hatreds can underlie what look like close friendships.) The presentation of this play in this place at this time was a serious attempt to assist the community in the difficult task of realizing its own situation: something that the touring companies that stop in Hartford for one-night stands will never accomplish.

Unfortunately, the best way to make any community realize anything is not by boring it, and Damico's play is highly ingenious but badly misproportioned. There is endless haggling over mock legal technicalities, and then more haggling over what Lincoln really thought about the blacks—a matter that could easily have been settled by printing a few quotations in the program. The play comes to life only near the end, when the uprising breaks in upon the trial; by then it is too late.

In spite of a few excesses here and there, *The Trial of A. Lincoln* was pretty


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well performed at Hartford, under Paul Weidner's direction. Mel Winkler was particularly good—relaxed, yet dangerous—as the black militant defendant, I.A.T. Best. Santo Loquasto's setting and Joe Pacitti's lighting turned the thrust stage of the HSC into a convincingly subterranean basement. The standard of professionalism was encouraging, although it could not save the play.

What is even more encouraging is the attempt on the part of the theatre to speak to the community about itself—to *notice* what is happening, and to become involved in it—not as a vessel of propaganda but as an agency for dispassionate understanding. This will probably not be the last time that such an attempt will produce an image of mutual hatred and racial violence. It seems to be time to stop talking about oppression, with its neat opposition of villain and victim, and start talking about its consequences. There are dangers in this—dangers honorably avoided in *The Trial of A. Lincoln*—dangers of sensationalism, dangers that the play will contribute to irrational alarm, and increase tension rather than alleviate it. I am afraid that we shall have to take that risk—along with a great many others. □

POEM FOR E

*Please take*
*Your god damn*
*Etruscan head*
*Out of my dreams.*

Harvey Shapiro

### New York

I have not space to go into much detail, but Circle in the Square has brought the Toronto Workshop's *Chicago 70* to New York (Martinique Theatre), and the evening I was there the house was poor. New Yorkers are cheating themselves.

This distillation of the Chicago 8 trial is not written for history but for us today who suffered through the humiliating weeks of it. It is what you know made graspable by art. The text is based largely on the transcripts, but they have been whipped up with the trial scene from *Alice in Wonderland*, kindergarten classes and vignettes of colonialist rigor into a choreography of judicial nuttiness whose malignancy is acknowledged but whose farce is played to the hilt.

In form, the production is an *opéra bouffe*, full of music, dance, extravaganza and opportunistic stage business. The cast is young, agile, admirably trained in the tricks and graces of the stage. The director is George Luscombe, but I cannot identify the individual players because they are continually changing roles in a kind of fugal progression. That contributes to the circus mood and serves the more serious purpose of stressing the idea that the defendants at Chicago were truth and civil decency, rather than the particular men before the bar. The frequent substitutions for Judge Hoffman convey with particular acerbity the notion that he was of very little importance as a man, but malevolently impressive as a point of view. It says also, what I believe to be true, that the defendants understood their judge, whereas to him they were incomprehensible and frightening.

But these are thoughts in retrospect. The effect at the moment is effervescence in the cause of humanity. It sent me home chuckling thoughtfully. R.H.

# FILMS

## ROBERT HATCH

If René Clément is reduced to directing popcorn machines, my feeling is one of compassion, and I would not be inclined to review *Rider on the Rain*. But the American distributors have collected such a batch of hat-tossing notices that it seems only responsible to say, think twice before joining the queue (there is one).

The picture is not all bad—and what is not bad about it is principally Charles Bronson, an American actor who now makes pictures in Europe. Egged on, I presume, by Clément, he performs a good-humored exaggeration of the American he-man, vintage Gable, that is consistent, lightly stressed and funny. It is as though he were giving Belmondo a lesson in how a fellow from the open country really hangs loose. His walk, a little bowlegged and with a swivel in the hips, is first-rate pantomime. *Rider on the Rain*, I have read, is a big hit in Paris, largely because the French think Bronson is an accurate summary of the American type. Ironically, a lot of the things that are wrong with America are related to the fact that we also see ourselves as Bronson's smiling, big-hearted, cat-quick Mr. Dobbs.

Aside from this character, however, the film has not the energy to push through the tedious complexities of the plot, and Marlene Jobert, who plays opposite Bronson, turns in a curiously unfocused performance. She is obliged to do the wrong thing at every turn, which is the way with inferior thrillers, but accentuated in this case by the allegation that she is suffering from childhood traumas. She is raped by a madman in the opening minutes, and the story can continue only because her lips are sealed by Dr. Freud. Thriller plots that hang on capsules of flashback psychology should be banned by international agreement.

Annie Cordy, playing Mlle. Jobert's mother, a woman whose irregular life has brought her to running a bowling alley on a backwater stretch of the Mediterranean, behaves as though she were working in a better picture. I would like to have known more of her history, but the fate of the deranged rapist prevented.

It has become fashionable to say—when a director as first-rate as Clément turns out a picture as second-hand as *Rider on the Rain*—that the worn-out material is the point. One of these days I'm going to get up my nerve to ask, "What point?" □


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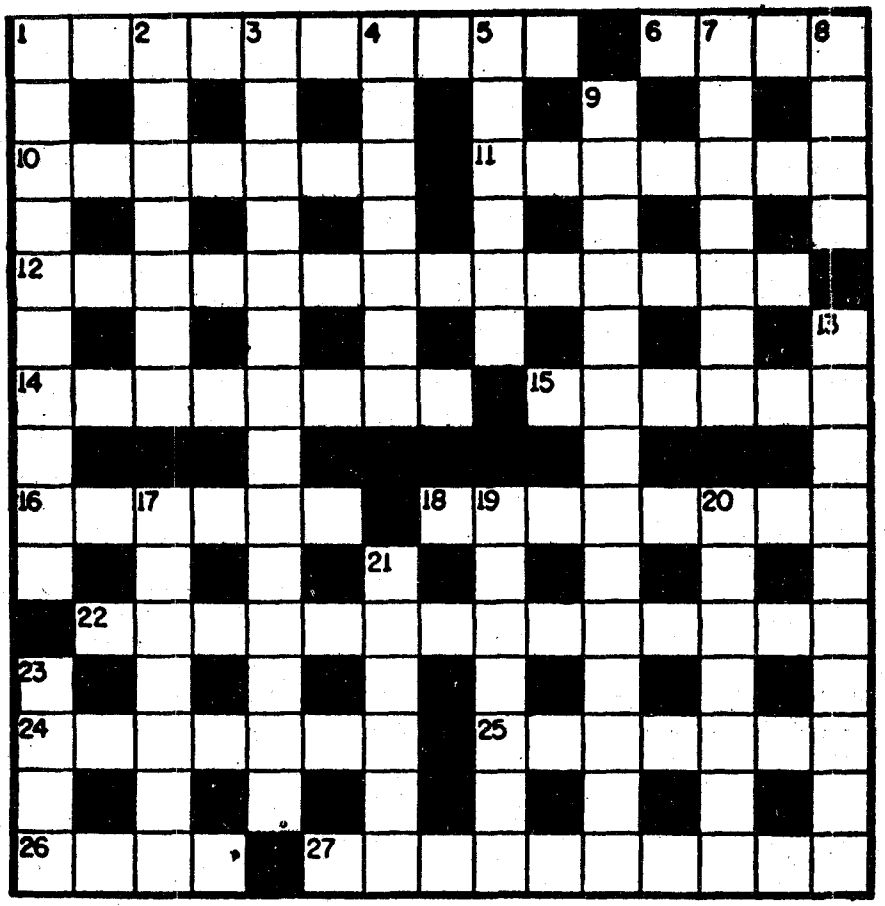
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1350

**FRANK W. LEWIS**



ACROSS

1 Papers said to constitute ends, from one point of view. (10)
6 and 23 down. What some hope to do at the end of the rainbow? Its application might drive a bargain. (4,4)
10 When in deep, you might want such maneuvering space. (3,4)
11 Get a witch in to cry for the artist! (7)
12 By the sound of them, Akihito Tsuguno Miya could have been framed. (8,6)
14 Liked to be about 157½ degrees touched by affection. (8)
15 Father is in pain—no wonder his skin is red. (6)
16 How to limit the number of people who might come in to something? Bring on the consequences! (6)
17 Notice he winds up with a tear? (He might have cause!) (8)
22 Is there plenty of oil on hand if you do? (Otherwise, it might be a way to protect coconuts.) (6,4,4)
24 I've got confused in an orphaned 15, but still win out. (7)
25 Your affective state of consciousness, and possibly mine, too. (7)
26 One has to entertain a great number, obviously. (4)
27 Not the old ones guys rest on, when shaky. (10)

DOWN

1 Record horesman? (He really doesn't turn the tables!) (4,6)
2 Does one do his work carelessly, and run away? (7)
3 Forecast. (14)
4 All together now, in French! (2,5)
5 One might follow it in the kitchen most likely. (6)
7 Pliable, perhaps, but opprobrious to some social critics. (7)
8 Give a narrative of the opera? (4)
9 Made by those you might not like at first, though perhaps treasured by philatelists. (3,11)
13 The Good Book has a couple that might help you 16. (6)
17 Her cost improperly might be borne by lovers. (7)
19 Perhaps keep little George Dunn around? (7)
20 Subject to legal inquisition. (7)
21 And in France a man of valor gets around to this thing? (6)
23 See 6 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1349

ACROSS: 1 and 28 Cavalier poets; 10 Ovule; 11 Gladiolus; 12 Echoing; 13 Dresser; 14 Ragged; 15 Lateran; 18 Overbid; 21 Rescue; 24 Talaria; 26 Brindle; 27 Splenetic; 29 Stench; 30 Intruder. DOWN: 1 and 5 Chosen people; 2 Vouchsafe; 3 Leering; 4 Engaged; 6 Evident; 7 Poles; 8 Enshrine; 9 Handel; 16 Roundhead; 17 Contests; 19 Byronic; 20 Drafts; 21 Rubicon; 22 Slipper; 23 Geyser; 25 Lille.

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